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THE QUEEN AND HER GRANDCHILD PRINCE ALEXANDER ALBERT OF BATTENBERG.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BY SPECIAL COMMAND BY MESSRS. A. AND G. TAYLOR.



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

A chivalric German has been publishing an apology for mothers-in-law. How many he has had of his own he does not tell us, but he writes like a man who understands his subject. It is high time in my opinion that such a book was written. The ridicule that has been cast upon that relative by playwrights and jokers has done a good deal of harm to as worthy a class of women as exists, and is generally falsely applied. The treatment of them, both in fact and fiction, is as cruel as it is cowardly. What is significant enough of the quarter from which it arises is that it is the wife's mother that is almost always made the subject of attack; with the man's mother, I confess I have much less sympathy, for he can take care of himself, and if her "interference" is not superfluous, it ought to be; but why should the mother of our girls—generally by far the most unselfish and self-sacrificing of all members of the family—become an object for detraction because one of them marries? If her husband ill-treats her, it is natural enough indeed that he should detest her would-be defender; but why should the world at large join hands with the brute? I have had some experience of mankind, and paid an unusual attention (from other motives besides a great natural politeness) to my fellow creatures, and I believe in mothers, whether their daughters are married or single. The prejudice against them is as false as it is vulgar; and what is very hard on them, I notice that in works of fiction, even by the best writers, step-mothers (often just and fair-minded persons, no doubt, but who have many temptations to be otherwise) are habitually described as mothers-in-law.

An order in Council informs us that the provisions of the International Copyright Convention have been extended to the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg. This is news indeed for the English author; if he does not at once set up his carriage on the strength of it, he can, at least, go to the coach-maker's and decide on what sort of carriage it is to be. On the prospect of the proceeds of a translation in every country on the Continent he would, however, hitherto, have been rash to bespeak a gig. It may be very pleasant to be rendered into a foreign language for the first time, but that sensation wears away, and there is little else to be got out of the experience. For a novelist to appear in Russian is always interesting, because, even when he sees it, he can't tell which of his novels it is; but, of course, "the vastest Empire in the world" pays nobody. Poor little Denmark, though honest enough so far as I have found, has nothing to pay. To get a ten-pound note out of Italy is like getting the breeks from a Highlander; and France, though it has breeks, is extremely disinclined to part with them. A Frenchman once bespoke the whole of my immortal works; the sum for each was small, but, on the principle of "a reduction on taking a quantity," I accepted his terms. I heard nothing from him for a year, when another Frenchman wrote to me for his address:—"I have completed the translation of one of your novels for Monsieur D—for fifty francs, but cannot get his money." Nor could I, and I never did. The German translator pays what he promises you, though by no means the next day, nor even the day after; it is not a splendid honorarium, but there is no saying what it may swell to now that the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg has joined the Convention.

One has heard of people "weighing their words" (though one seldom sees it put into practice) and now an Italian savant has discovered a method of weighing thoughts. He began with the hand, "placed in a closed vessel of water, when the change of circulation, produced by the slightest action of the body or brain, was shown by a rise or fall in the liquid in the narrow neck of the vessel"; and then he procured a large balance for the whole human body (what the purveyors call "a meat scale"), and found that "even dreams send the blood to the brain sufficient to sink the head." He must have been exceptionally fortunate in finding a gentleman who could dream (or even go to sleep) in a meat scale; but scientific people have great luck. "The changing pulse even told him when the person operated upon was reading Italian or Greek; the greater effort necessary in the latter case seriously affecting the flow of blood." This I can easily believe. The conjugation of a Greek irregular verb, or rather, the failure to conjugate it, used often, I remember, to effect that at Eton, though not exactly in the brain vessels. The practical value of this scientific discovery has been the subject of depreciatory remark; but if by this process a gentleman's thoughts can be pronounced to be "weighty," and he can procure a certificate of the fact, it will save him a good deal of trouble (and the world much weariness) in persuading other people of it, *viva voce*.

Although the Americans have declined to accept, among the blessings of civilisation, the principle of perpetual pensions, they have invented something like it, all their own. Instead of pecuniary compensation to the owners of land over which they travel, the railway companies, it seems, give free passes to them and their families. This causes the bonds of domestic union to be considerably extended. A man is apt to consider (when he travels) that his governess, and his goddaughter, and even (if he is a widower) the young woman he intends to marry when the year and day are out, to be all members of his family. When the Boston and Providence Railway was chartered it seems to have trusted a good deal to its latter terminus in framing its regulations upon this point. It is fifty years since it started, yet a lady with the characteristic name of Dodge has just established her claim to travel free upon it, as being the granddaughter of an original landowner. With this travelling advantage (which is a sort of fortune) she will, of course, marry, and in due time probably have grandchildren of her own, and so on, and so on; in time, therefore, it may happen that a line of railway—though passing through a populous neighbourhood—will declare no dividends, because half of its passengers will be carried free. What fun it would be

to see a meeting of shareholders on one of *our* railways (always a very excitable assembly as it is) agitated by the "Dodge" question!

The Queen, I am glad to record, takes her cats with her when she takes holiday; a very reasonable proceeding, for surely if anybody can be called a member of "the Household," 'tis a cat. Unfortunately what is done by Royalty, in the social way, affects only "the best circles," or else we should never hear, as we always do at this season, of cats left to starve in houses which their owners have quitted to enjoy themselves at the seaside. How can they, *can* they do so? I suppose some of them go to church or chapel, or at all events (though they don't belong to the professional classes) profess some kind of religion or another; but what brutes they must be! What is worse than all, it is the housewife who is to blame in the matter; the dog is "the friend of man," and it requires a nature above the common in the male to appreciate or even "think about" poor pussy; but the cat is the companion of woman, always about her feet, if not in her lap, and this abominable and cruel neglect can in her case hardly be the result of thoughtlessness. No; just as the calculation of the slave owner used to be that it was better to work his slaves to death and buy new ones than to give them food and sleep, so these wretches leave their cats to starve rather than pay sixpence a week for their maintenance! Let us hope that all the time they are away they never sleep for caterwauling.

Caterwauling, or the music of the tiles, was at one time thought very highly of by the Continental public. In the French Encyclopedia (a work with a good deal of queer information in it) one reads of an organ, played by a bear, which enraptured the good folk of Brussels. Instead of pipes, the instrument contained a collection of cats, each confined separately in a narrow case, with their tails held upright, and attached to the jacks in such a manner that when the bear touched the keys, he pulled the tails, "thereby producing a most mellifluous mewing." The organist had also *his* tail (or what there was of it) pulled occasionally, "so as to form a bass accompaniment." This was abominably cruel, of course (though I must say rather funny); but it is probable that the cats were not personal friends of the proprietor of the organ, nor do we read that he shut them up in his house to starve when he had no further occasion for their services.

The thousand pounds given for the great St. Bernard dog does not impress me so deeply as the account of his farewell to his friends. It was really most touching, and seems to have even moved the enterprising American gentleman who purchased the animal. The whole neighbourhood—a considerable portion of which he had occupied himself—turned out to say "Good-bye" to him; and he gave his huge paw to every child who asked for it. His destination is, I read, the stage, on which—and it ought to be a pretty large one—he makes his first appearance in "Fritz." He will, of course, be the Dog of Montargis, and make his mark in "The Crusaders," and I hope he will not disgrace himself by swallowing some small actor whom the public has declined to swallow. And yet (if his noble nature would permit him to stoop to it) what a splendid Disappearance—always a most attractive incident—he might make by swallowing him on the sly! It would give another explanation of "his vast and wandering grave," as the poet terms the ocean. What a fine name, too, the dog has got! how the Fotheringays and Montmorencies of the stage sink into insignificance beside "Plinlimmon"!

An American novelist, who I conclude is in the sensational line, possesses, we are told, an inkstand made of a human skull. "It has silver eyelids which open by a spring, disclosing two fonts in the orbits, that contain red and black ink. This is having all things 'in a concatenation accordingly' indeed, for the production of stirring fiction. The remains of our fellow-creatures have been often laid under contribution before for ornamental purposes. 'Rich and rare were the gems she wore, a human thigh bone in her hair,' sings the poet. A well-known musician in Paris used to produce harmonious sounds from a highly decorated tambourine, the parchment of which had once been a very beautiful skin. 'She sang divinely,' he would say, with tears in his eyes; 'and, as I play this, her voice seems to accompany the instrument.' But none of these 'adaptations' seem to me so appropriate as the author's inkstand. There is no reason why he should not add a bone pen, and somebody's scalp to wipe it on, to his writing materials. Then the only thing wanting to perfect completeness would be that the skull should be that of an inhabitant of Paternoster-row.

A much debated question just now is how you can pay a professional gentleman for his services with the least shock to both your delicacies of mind. Some are for a genial bluntness with physicians and others; you pull your purse out with a "guffaw," and observe that "short reckonings make long friends"; others hide the fee under the inkstand or somewhere, and leave the doctor to "seek" for it, as if he were a retriever; others put it in the palm of their hand, and try to make it stick to that of the medical gentleman on taking leave, a plan that presupposes that he is not in very good health himself. A fashionable physician, of whom I ventured to ask whether patients ever went away from his consulting-room without paying, replied, "Well, not exactly without paying; but I *have* had four lozenges, neatly done up in paper, given to me instead of two guineas." It so happened that he was a throat doctor, which I thought (though I didn't tell him so) made the mistake very appropriate. It is easy, of course, to cheat the doctor, but difficult to curtail his fee. There is a story of one who took his two guineas a visit with such excessive perseverance that the patient's wife resolved at last to give him but one. On receiving it he instantly fell upon all fours and felt about the floor. "Has anything been lost?" murmured the patient. "Yes, Sir; a guinea," responded the physician. And, rather than have a row by the bedside, the poor lady had to feign to have made a mistake.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

A banquet was given at the Hôtel Continental, Paris, on Aug. 23, to celebrate the fiftieth birthday of the Comte de Paris, at which covers were laid for 300. Many well-known Royalists were present, including the Marquis De Beauvoir and MM. Haussouville and Ferdinand Duval.—The French Naval Manœuvres have commenced by an order to the Commander-in-Chief of the Fifth Naval District at Toulon for the immediate mobilisation of the fleet forming the Second-Class Reserve. The order refers to eight ironclads, three despatch-boats, and all the torpedo-boats available, and a squadron of six ironclads from Algiers is to join them.—M. De Chevreul entered his 103rd year on Aug. 28.

King Humbert arrived at Forlì on Aug. 28 to witness the military manœuvres in the Romagna. At all the stations through which the Royal train passed, his Majesty, who was accompanied by the Prince of Naples, met with a most enthusiastic welcome.

On Aug. 25 the Queen Regent of Spain, attended by a brilliant staff of generals and officers, inaugurated a powerful new fort which for the last four years military engineers have been constructing on the heights of San Marcos, situated between San Sebastian and Irun and the French frontier. The position is of immense military importance.

Under the personal direction of Emperor William the military manœuvres between Spandau and Potsdam on Aug. 21 resulted in the former garrison being driven from their fortified positions. Both the Emperor and the Crown Prince of Greece bivouacked during the night, although the weather was very rainy. The Emperor went on the 23rd to Sonnenburg, near Custrin, to witness the investiture of his brother, Prince Henry, and of other candidates, with the Order of St. John. The ceremony was performed by Prince Albrecht of Prussia, Regent of the Duchy of Brunswick. The Emperor held another military inspection, and subsequently gave several audiences.—King George of Greece arrived in Berlin on Aug. 27 from St. Petersburg. He was received by his son, the Crown Prince, the Greek Envoy, the Municipal and other dignitaries, and escorted to the Old Palace, where he was the Emperor's guest. About noon his Hellenic Majesty, with his son, went to Potsdam to visit the three Empresses. The German Emperor went on Aug. 27 to Dresden to visit the King of Saxony, with whom he drove through the city, which was gaily decorated. A loyal address was presented by the Burgomaster on behalf of the inhabitants. The Empress Frederick received the Crown Prince of Greece on Aug. 23. Next day her Majesty left Berlin for a few days' visit to Count Münster at his seat in Hanover.

The Queen of Portugal left Vienna on Aug. 22 for Wild Gasten. The King left in the evening for Ernstbrunn, in Lower Austria, on a visit to Prince Reuss.—The sixteenth International Grain Market was opened in Vienna on the 27th, when representatives from all the countries in Europe attended at the Cornhall.

Signor Crispi left Friedrichsruh on Aug. 23. He was accompanied to the railway-carriage by Prince Bismarck, and the parting was very cordial. The interview between Prince Bismarck and Signor Crispi has been followed up by one between the Italian Minister and Count Kalnoky at Eger. The two Statesmen seem to have met at the railway-station, and to have discussed the affairs of Europe over a dinner at a neighbouring hotel. On the 26th, Signor Crispi arrived at Milan, and proceeded at once to Monza to confer with King Humbert.

The Inland Navigation Congress held its final sitting at Frankfurt-on-the-Main on Aug. 23. The next congress will meet at Manchester in 1890.

Despatches received from North Africa disclose a terrible state of affairs in Morocco. The Emperor, it appears, has been wreaking a fierce and uncontrolled revenge upon his rebel subjects for their recent slaughter of his cousin Prince Muley and his escort.

The Czar, accompanied by his son, the Grand Duke Michael Alexandrovitch, and the Grand Duke Alexis Alexandrovitch, left St. Petersburg on Aug. 26 for Iljinskoje, the country seat of the Grand Duke Sergius Alexandrovitch, situated near Moscow. The Grand Duke Sergius and his consort and the Grand Duke Paul Alexandrovitch arrived there the same day. The Empress left Peterhof on the 25th for Gmünden, Austria, accompanied by the Heir Apparent and the Grand Duchess Xenia, on a visit to her Majesty's sisters. Her Majesty was cordially welcomed at the railway station, Vienna, by the Crown Prince and Princess of Austria.—The Emperor has given 25,000 roubles for distribution among the distressed families of Orsk, burnt out by the recent fires.—The christening of the newly-born son of the King and Queen of the Hellenes took place on the 23rd in the Russian Imperial Castle at Pavlovsk, the infant Prince receiving the name of Christopher. The Imperial Russian family, the members of the Court, and many high functionaries attended.

President Cleveland has addressed a message to the United States Congress, in which he says that, as they have refused to second his efforts to end the differences with Canada in respect to the fisheries by diplomatic methods, he has no resource left but to ask for powers to enforce a retaliatory policy.

Sir John Macdonald has visited Nova Scotia and Cape Breton Island, being most cordially received everywhere.

The Board of Trade have awarded a binocular glass to Captain P. Marconi, master of the Italian barque Savina, of Genoa, in acknowledgment of his kindness and humanity to the shipwrecked crew of the barque Jane Maria, of Ayr, which was wrecked in the North Atlantic on July 12.

A treasure-chamber has been found in the rear of some unoccupied premises, situated between the new carriage bazaar in Long-acre and Arkell's coachbuilding works. The place has long been empty, and, with the view of making some structural alterations, workmen have been recently set to work. In demolishing a thick party wall, the men laid bare a chamber which was filled with an immense quantity of plate, watches, and jewellery, the value of which is considerable. Many of the articles, which were black with age, were also partly fused, evidently from the action of great heat. It has been ascertained that the place was occupied, many years ago, by a jeweller and refiner, named Armstrong, and during his tenancy was destroyed by fire, the occupants being burned to death.

The rejoicings in celebration of Lord Dudley's majority, which began recently on his Worcestershire estates, were resumed on Aug. 25 on his Merionethshire estates at Landrilly. He was enthusiastically received by his tenantry, and at a dinner, at which about 300 were present, he was presented by the tenants with an illustrated address and a Welsh Bible. On the 27th rejoicings were resumed in Staffordshire, where his important mining and other industries find employment for several thousand people. Addresses were presented to Lord Dudley, who drove, accompanied by the Countess of Dudley and members of the family, to Brierly Hill, where the local authorities received them. At night a county ball was held at Himley.

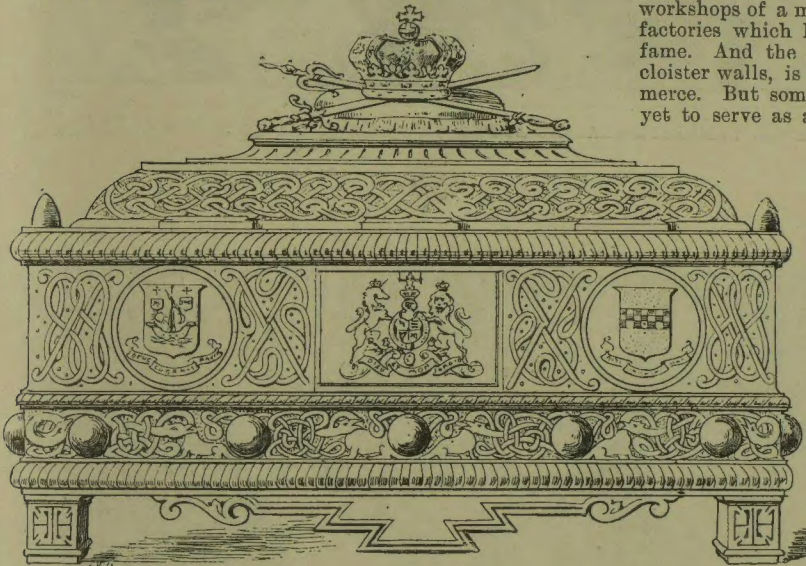


THE QUEEN AT GLASGOW, RENFREW,  
AND PAISLEY:

## CORPORATION GIFTS.

The Municipal Corporations of three ancient "Burghs" of Scotland—the Royal Burgh and great city of Glasgow, the Royal Burgh of Renfrew, which gives a title to the eldest son of the Sovereign, and Paisley, which celebrated the 400th anniversary of its municipal charter on the day of her Majesty's visit—presented loyal Addresses to the Queen, in the manner related in our account of the proceedings on Aug. 22 and Aug. 23. The gold casket in which the Glasgow Corporation Address was contained, and the gold key presented to her Majesty at the opening of the new Municipal Buildings of Glasgow, were manufactured by Messrs. Robert and William Sorley, jewellers, gold and silver smiths, and watchmakers, of 1, Buchanan-street and 136, Argyle-street, in that city. In the front of the casket, which is of oblong shape, the central place is occupied by a representation, in chased work, of the new Municipal Buildings, with two side designs, one representing Railway Traffic and the other Shipping. At the back of the casket is a view of the Glasgow Exhibition building. At one end is the College; at the other, the University of Glasgow. At the four corners are modelled figures personifying Art, Science, Commerce, and Agriculture. On the lid are the Arms of Glasgow, the Royal Arms, and the Scottish Lion and Shield, in high relief, in polished and dead or frosted gold. The casket is inclosed in a case of green velvet, that being the customary colour for Glasgow Corporation presentations.

There is also a casket of silver, overlaid with pure gold, designed and made by Messrs. George Edward and Sons, of the Poultry, London. This is quite different in shape from any casket hitherto presented to her Majesty in this country, the design having been suggested by one of the Indian caskets among her Majesty's Jubilee presents, now on view at the Glasgow Exhibition. It is cylindrical in form, richly chased with runic ornamentation, and studded with Scotch stones from the various counties in Scotland. The Royal Arms are chased at one end, the Glasgow Arms at the other end, and in the centre is a lion supporting a shield with the Royal monogram "V.R." in relief; the whole is surmounted with the regalia. The casket rests on four upright supports of Celtic form, standing on a military red velvet base, at the corners of which are four figures representing four of the most illustrious Scottish regiments. The whole is contained in a handsome oak case lined with satin.



GOLD CASKET OF RENFREW CORPORATION ADDRESS.

The gold key delivered to her Majesty for the opening of the new Municipal Buildings, which is of 22 ct. solid gold, hall-marked, was designed by Mr. W. Young, the architect of the buildings, and was made by Messrs. R. and W. Sorley, of Glasgow.

The gold casket in which the address of the Corporation of Renfrew was presented was also made by Messrs. R. and W. Sorley. It is oblong in shape; in front are the Royal Arms, with the Stuart Arms to the right, and the Arms of the Royal Burgh of Renfrew to the left. On the top are the Crown, Sword, and Sceptre; the lid is flat chased and engraved work, of Celtic pattern, surrounded by twelve Scotch pebbles. At the back is the Blythswood testimonial, with the old and new Townhalls on each side; and on the ends are the steam-ferry and a large Atlantic liner. These subjects are all engraved on polished gold, and underneath these, amid flat chased work of ornamentation of pure Celtic design, are a number of Scotch pebbles inlaid, these stones being cut carbuncle shape. The sides are dead gold, with etched scroll-work. This casket is lined with silk of the Royal Stuart tartan pattern, and has a red morocco covered case.

The casket of the Paisley Corporation address is a fine specimen of silversmiths' work, simple but refined in design, executed by the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company, of 112, Regent-street, London. Its form is rectangular; at the corners are fluted pillars, standing on massive feet in high relief. The front has the Royal Arms in the centre, and emblematic panels on each side, richly chased in repoussé style. The reverse shows the Burgh Arms and views of the Museum and the Fountain Gardens. The ends are embossed in high relief with views of the Abbey and the Townhall. The lid is surmounted by the Royal Crown, and has on the front an ornamental panel, bearing an inscription. The other panels of the lid are delicately embossed with thistles and ornamental tracery.

The bass-drum used at the battle of Waterloo, which is now at the Glasgow Exhibition, and which was shown in one of our Illustrations, is exhibited by Messrs. George Potter and Co., of Aldershot, manufacturers of military musical instruments. They have placed on view an effective assortment of their wares, including the kettle-drums fitted with their ingenious tuning apparatus, which have gained high approval. The old Waterloo drum is laid on the top of their case of exhibits. It was made by the grandfather of the present Mr. George Potter, and was given back to the firm some years ago, being a relic and memorial of their long-established business.

## PAISLEY ABBEY.

Since July 24, 1617, when James Sixth of Scotland and First of England came to honour Lord Claud Hamilton, no visit has been paid to this venerable abbey of the Benedictines by the ruling Sovereign of these isles. The ruin, nevertheless, as a monument of Stuart piety, has a close association with the Royal house; and her Majesty, on Aug. 23, in visiting its precincts, has but renewed a connection dating back seven hundred years. For it was by Walter, first of the Stuart race, that the abbey was founded in 1163; and under the flagstones of its mouldering pavement lies many a bearer of the Royal name.

When David I. returned from England after the Battle of the Standard in 1141, he took with him the young scion of a Shropshire house, whom presently he endowed with lands in Renfrewshire, and made Lord High Steward of Scotland. And when the latter, twenty-two years later, founded this abbey church upon his lands, he brought to inhabit it monks of the order of Clugny from Wenloe in his native county. From his office, made hereditary presently by David's successor, came the name of Steward to Stuart; and heads of the family were commanders at the fields of Largs and Bannockburn. To Walter, the sixth Steward, who took part in the latter battle, King Robert the Bruce gave his daughter, Marjory, in marriage; and it was through this Princess that the Stuart race inherited the throne. The founder of the family, though he died at Melrose, had been buried here, with most of his succeeding line; and when Princess Marjory, after a single short year of married life, expired in Renfrew Castle, close by, they laid her in the Abbey among her husband's kin. She left a child, however, and he it was who, after the death of The Bruce's only son, ascended the Scottish throne as Robert II. Frail enough, therefore, once was the chance that set the crown upon the head of the long-succeeding line which sways the sceptre at the present day in the person of her Majesty Queen Victoria. In the abbey here lies the dust of Elizabeth More, King Robert II.'s wife while he was yet High Steward, as well as that of Euphemia Ross, his Queen. And here, too, upon his death at Rothesay Castle, were laid the remains of Robert III., the father of the First James. No tablet marks the resting-place of the latter King; but it is known that somewhere before the high altar, where afterwards the great Earl of Ross, last Lord of the Isles, was buried, repose the ashes of the broken-hearted Monarch.

Sufficiently intimate, therefore, in early days was the connection of the abbey with the Royal house; and it is interesting to remember that her Majesty at Paisley has been visiting, besides the scenes of the earliest chapters of her family's history, the long-neglected resting-place of her ancestors.

Thick now round the ancient abbey rise the houses and workshops of a modern town. In sight are the chimneys of factories which have brought to the place another kind of fame. And the once pellucid Cart itself, which runs by the cloister walls, is inky to-day with the stains of modern commerce. But something of the once illustrious fane remains yet to serve as a worshipping place; echoes, as of the past, may still be heard in its famous sounding aisle; and the Royal visit just over recalls the glory of the abbey's bygone days.

That last visit of the Sovereign, made here in 1617, is worth recalling. Before then the reigning family had been frequent guests of the Abbot; but on the departure of James VI. on that occasion the Stuarts bade a long farewell to the ancient family shrine. The coming, then, of the King to the town and monastery had a strong dramatic significance, and afforded a striking instance of the uncalculated changes of fate. His Majesty's host was Lord Claud Hamilton; and a meeting full of strange memories theirs must have been, so near to the last battle-field of the King's ill-fated mother, and to Crookston Castle, the ancestral home of his sire, Lord Parnley. Worn with age and the vicissitudes of a darkly-chequered life, Lord Claud was himself unable to make welcome for the King, and was forced to leave the honours to his son. But, forty-nine years earlier, it was he who led the Queen's vanguard of two thousand up that narrow lane at Langside, when, after her escape from Loch Leven, the last attempt was made to set her once more upon the throne. His spear that day had been pointed against the partizans of the boy-king James; and had others only fought as well as Lord Claud at the head of that narrow lane, there might have been no story to tell of a Solway flight, or of an execution at Fotheringay. Many distresses he had had to suffer from the Regents while the King remained a minor, and had he not belonged to one of the most powerful families in the kingdom his life probably would have paid the forfeit of his loyalty. But with the execution of Mary, and the assumption of actual power by James, a change had come about. The King forgave the man who had been his opponent only in name, shut his ears to the aspersions of rival families, and, remembering only that Lord Claud had been his mother's staunch supporter, made him Lord of Paisley and of the abbey lands, and created his son Earl of Abercorn—honours held by the family up to the present day.

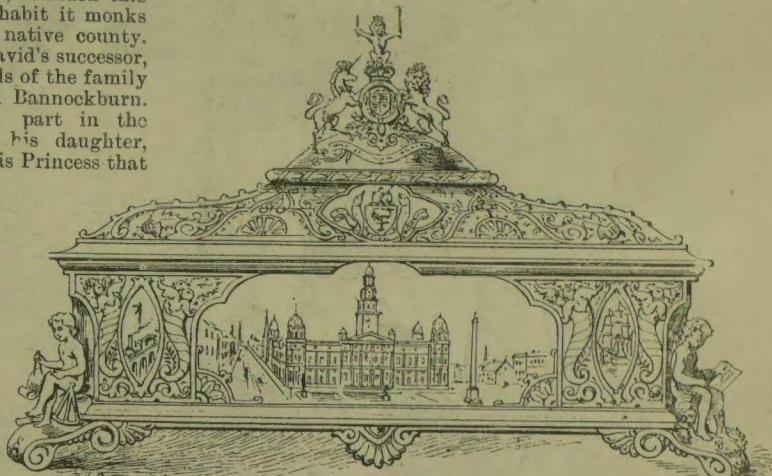
Here, then, in the buildings of the lately reformed monastery, the King became the guest of the veteran nobleman; and a brilliant gathering of the neighbouring gentry met to do honour to the Royal visitor.

From that time till now, a space of wellnigh three hundred years, the town has gone its own way, favoured not once by the Sovereign's presence, while its intimate relations with the Royal house have been all but forgotten by the outside world. The inhabitants of the place themselves have been tempted to take pride altogether in Paisley's modern achievements in trade and in the doings of her later-born sons. "St. Mirren's" in recent years may have come to vaunt the names of Tannahill and of Christopher North, almost to the exclusion of that of Stuart; and there must be many who every day pass by the ruined abbey pile who have turned no thought to the dust that lies within its shade. The late visit of her Majesty, however, will have brought many half-forgotten facts to fresh notice, and will have recalled to imagination not a few curious memories of the place's early history and associations.

Mr. Robert Anderson, LL.D., barrister-at-law, has been appointed Assistant Commissioner of Police of the Metropolis, in the room of Mr. James Monro, C.B., resigned.

## THE COURT.

The Queen's visit to Glasgow (of which an account is given on another page) was brought to a close on Friday, Aug. 24, late on which day her Majesty and Princess Beatrice (Princess Henry of Battenberg), accompanied by the Grand Duke and her Grand Ducal Highness Princess Alice of Hesse, left Blythswood, and travelled by the Glasgow and South-Western Caledonian and Deeside Railway to Ballater, arriving at the castle at 9.20 next morning. A guard of honour was furnished by the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders at Ballater, under the command of Captain Davidson. Princess Margaret and Prince Arthur of Connaught, together with the children of Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, arrived at the castle on Aug. 23. General Viscount Bridport, K.C.B., the Hon. Rosa Hood, and Miss Bauer, also arrived at the castle at the same time, having travelled with



GOLD CASKET OF GLASGOW CORPORATION ADDRESS.

the Royal children. The Queen drove out on the 25th, accompanied by Princess Beatrice and Princess Alice of Hesse. Princess Frederica (Baroness Pawel-Rammingen) visited her Majesty. The Grand Duke of Hesse rode out, attended by Colonel Wernher. Colonel Wernher had the honour of dining with the Queen and Royal family. Sunday, the 26th, was the anniversary of the birthday of the lamented Prince Consort; and on the 27th the gentlemen in attendance on the Queen and Royal family, and the servants and tenants of the Balmoral, Aberfeldie, and Birkhall estates, assembled at the Obelisk at noon, and drank to the memory of the Prince Consort.—The Queen has written to Sir James King, Lord Provost of Glasgow, expressing her great gratification at the very cordial and loyal reception accorded to her by the citizens of Glasgow on her recent visits to that city.—The Queen has expressed her readiness to become a patroness of the Welsh National Eisteddfod, to be held next year at Brecon; and her Majesty has sent the Lord Mayor of London £50 in aid of the fund for the relief of the sufferers by the recent floods in the Isle of Dogs.

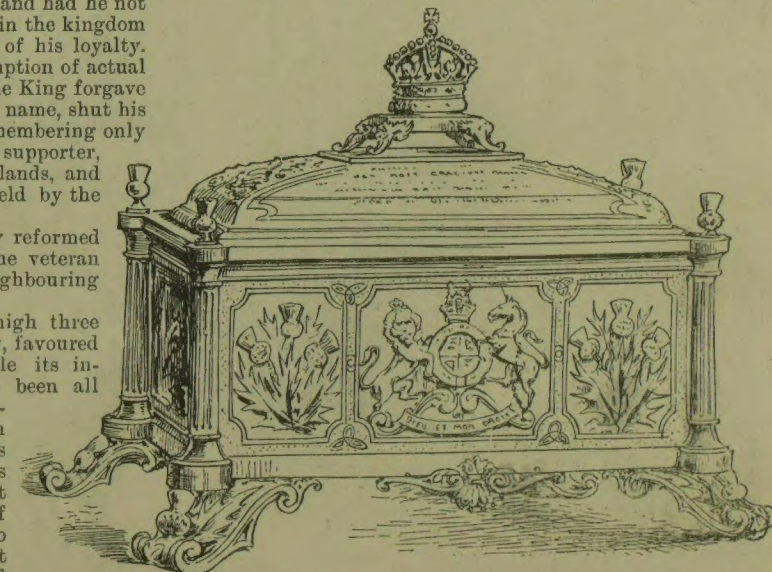
The King of the Belgians left Charing-cross on Aug. 28 for Ostend.

A meeting of the Plenipotentiaries to the Sugar Bounties Conference took place on Aug. 28 at the Foreign Office, under the presidency of Baron Henry De Worms, when the text of the convention was finally adopted.

Police-Constable Mark Jenkins, 185 L, and Police-Constable Herbert Wright, 259 L, are to receive £10 each from the Police Reward Fund for their bravery in capturing a burglar at King Henry VIII. public-house, Lambeth; and they are to be promoted from third to first-class constables, which promotion carries an increase of pay at the rate of £15 12s. per annum.

The marriage of the Bishop Suffragan of Leicester, Archdeacon Francis Henry Thicknesse, to Agnes Beatrice Jane, fourth daughter of the Rev. Marsham Argles, Rector of Badnock, and residentiary Canon of Peterborough, took place at Badnock on Aug. 28. The Bishop of Salisbury, who was attended by the Rev. George Argles, Canon of York, the bride's brother, and the Rev. B. Egerton, Vicar of Brackley, performed the ceremony.

The Australian cricket team have suffered two more defeats, being beaten at Cheltenham by Gloucestershire by eight wickets, and at the Crystal Palace by the Eleven of England by 78 runs. At Bradford, Surrey won the match against Yorkshire by an innings and 228 runs; and at Taunton, Somersetshire defeated Hampshire by ten wickets. The two days' match at Lord's between M.C.C. and Northamptonshire ended in a draw in favour of the county. The match at Kennington Oval between Leicestershire and Surrey resulted in favour of the home county by nine wickets. At Maidstone, Yorkshire

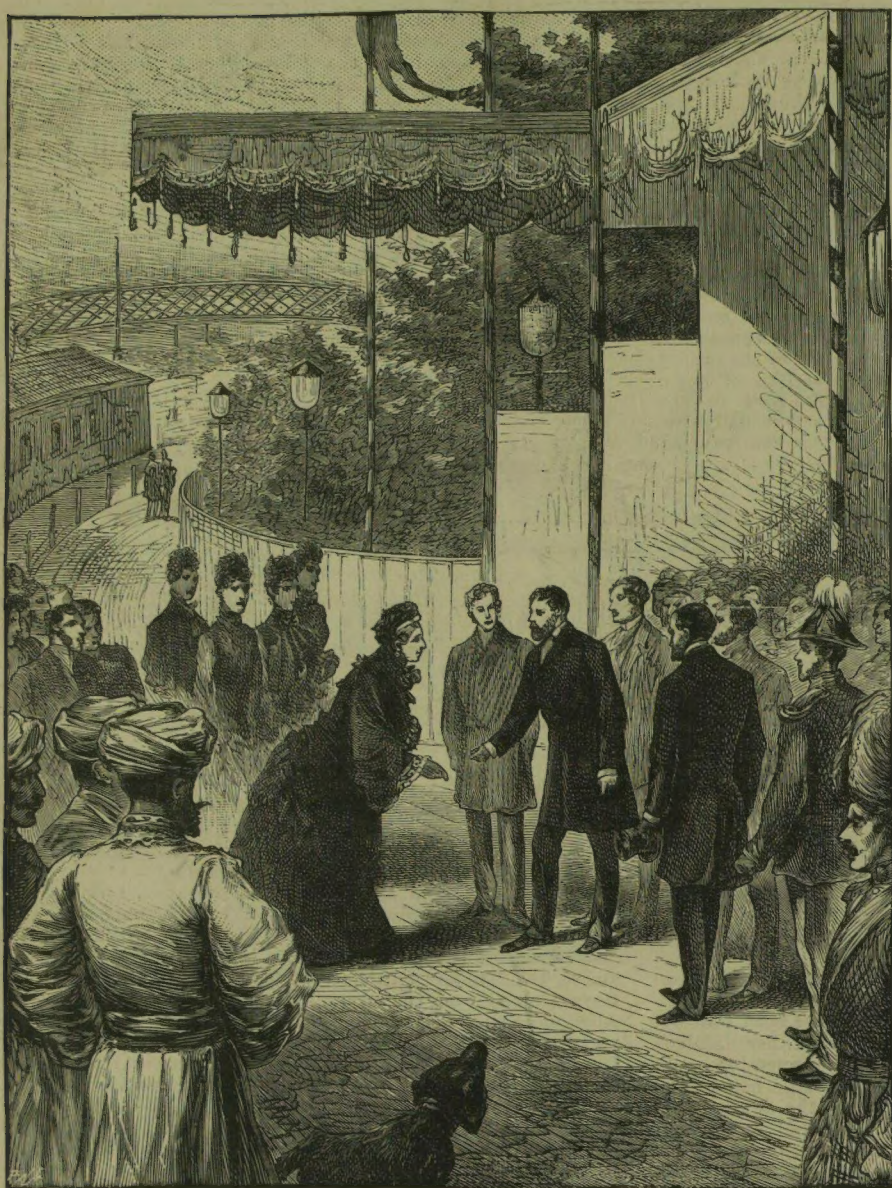


GOLD CASKET OF PAISLEY CORPORATION ADDRESS.

beat Kent by 51 runs, and the match between Lancashire and Notts, at Manchester, ended in a draw. The Cheltenham week concluded with the defeat of Gloucestershire by Middlesex by an innings and 33 runs. At Taunton, Somersetshire beat Essex by three wickets. The two days' match at Lord's between M.C.C. and Hull Town Club was drawn; and the match at Southampton between Hants and Essex ended in a draw.



THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO GLASGOW.—SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS.



ARRIVAL OF THE QUEEN AT THE PRIVATE STATION AT BLYTHSWOOD.

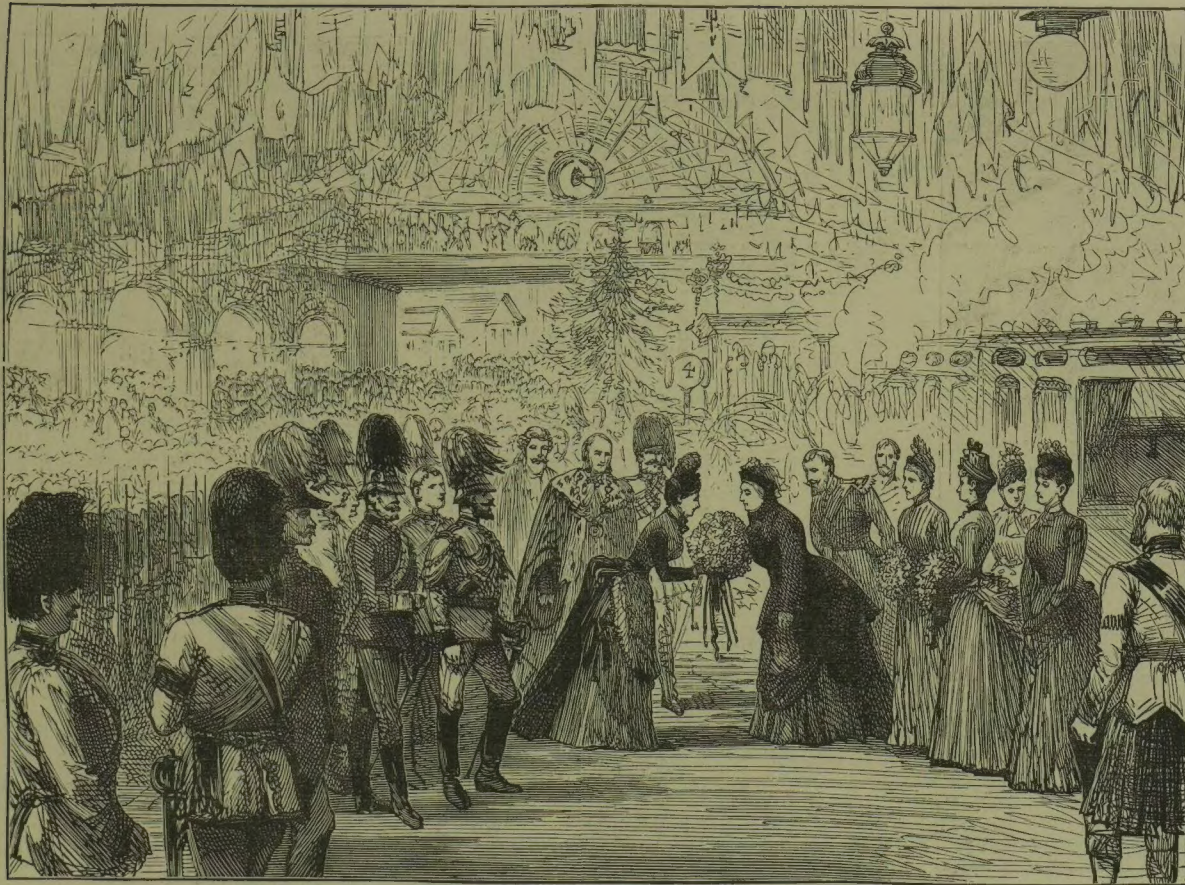


SIR ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL READING ADDRESS TO THE QUEEN IN THE EXHIBITION.



THE QUEEN ENTERING BUCHANAN-STREET FROM ST. ENOCH-SQUARE.

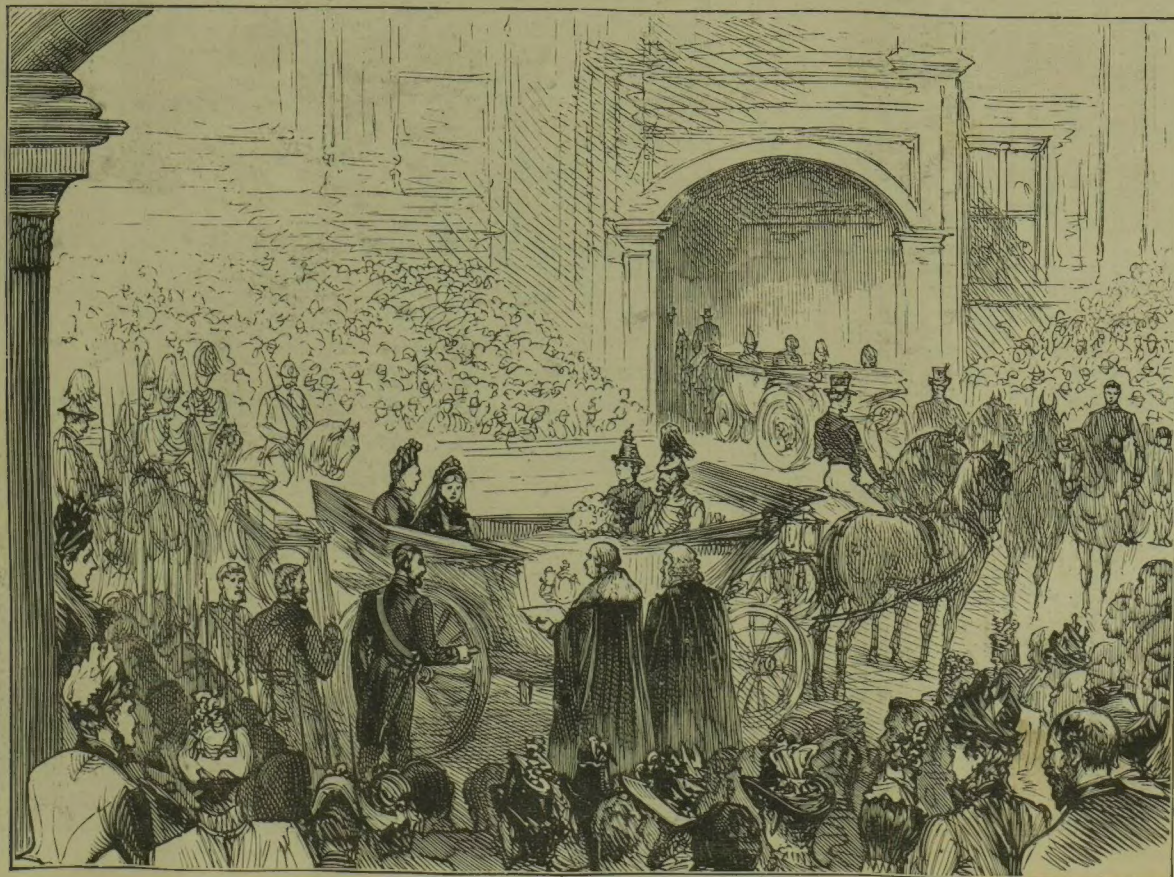




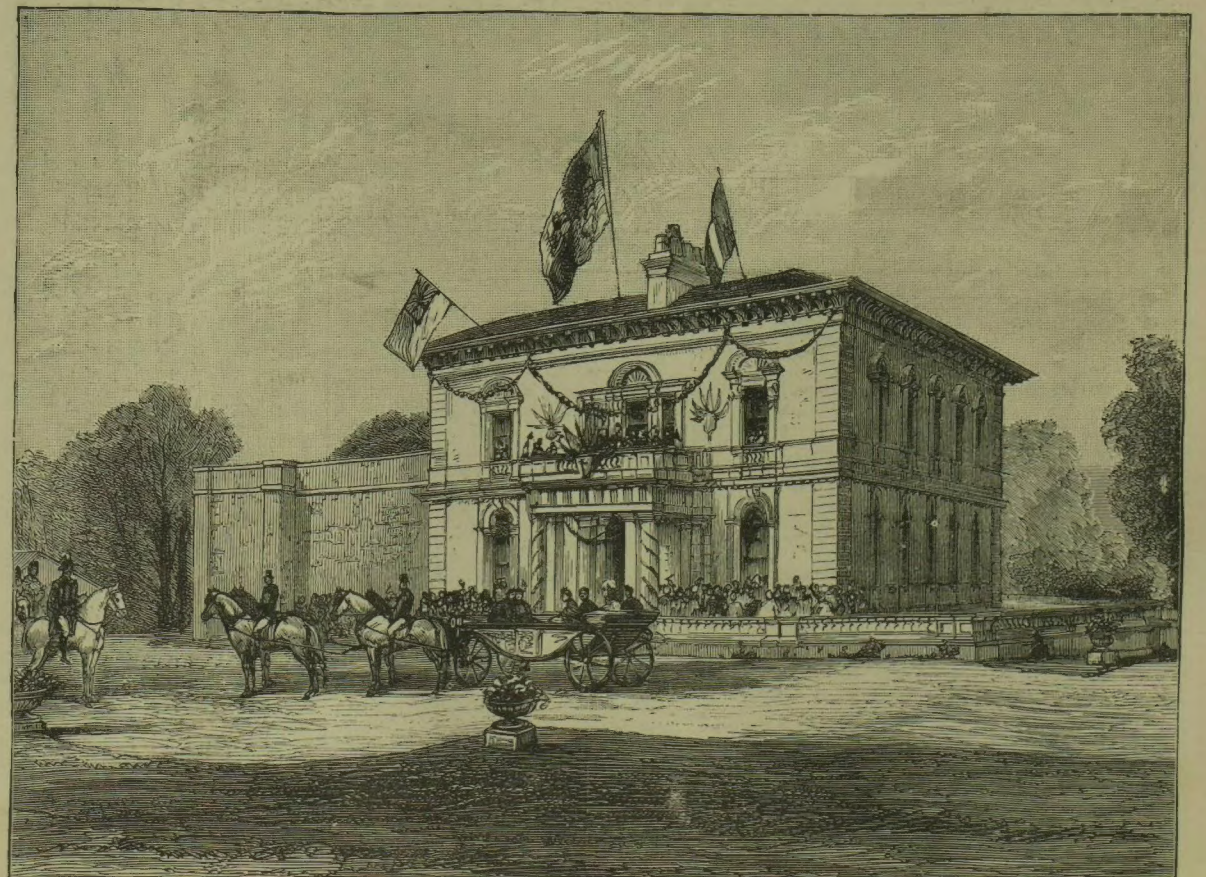
LADY KING PRESENTING A BOUQUET TO THE QUEEN AT ST. ENOCH'S STATION.



THE QUEEN VISITING THE WOMEN'S INDUSTRIAL DEPARTMENT, GLASGOW EXHIBITION.



THE QUEEN RECEIVING AN ADDRESS OF THE CORPORATION AT THE NEW MUNICIPAL BUILDINGS, GLASGOW.



THE QUEEN'S ARRIVAL AT QUEEN MARGARET'S COLLEGE FOR LADIES, GLASGOW.



# BLYTHSWOOD, VISITED BY THE QUEEN.

Built in 1820, the present mansion-house of Blythswood is a handsome edifice, and looks best when seen from the river Clyde; it is situated in the midst of a well-wooded park, at the confluence of the rivers Cart and Clyde. It has a fine entrance on the east side, where a portico of white freestone breaks the straight line of the building. The proportions of the house on



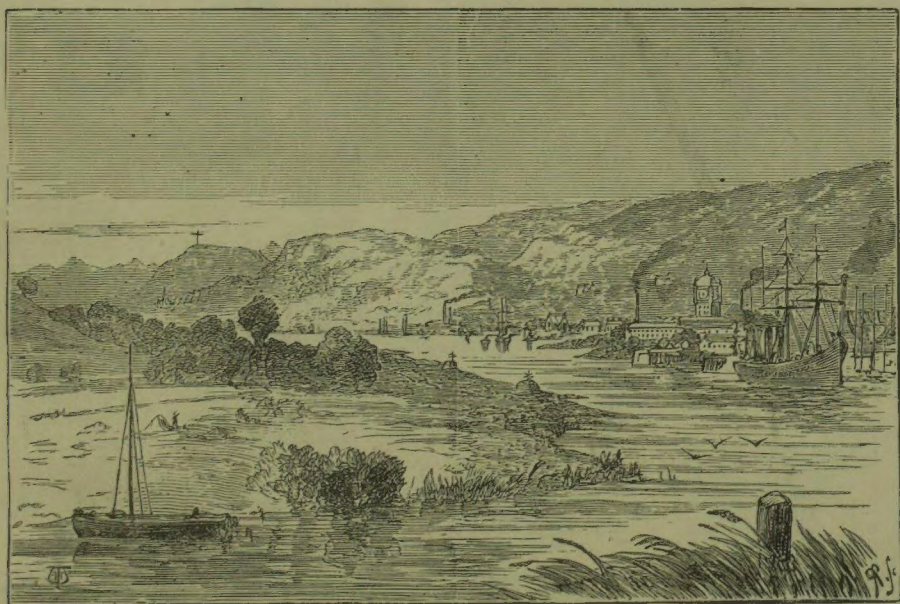
VIEW IN THE BLYTHSWOOD GROUNDS, WITH TREES PLANTED BY THE LATE DUKE AND THE DUCHESS OF ALBANY.

the outside, and the apartments in the interior, have been very much admired by architects. Within, there is a large entrance-hall and a sculpture gallery, filled with some very fine statues and busts in white marble. The reception-rooms open one into another, between marble pillars, having an agreeable and elegant effect. The view from the Queen's private apartments, on the south-west side, is very grand; the whole valley of the Clyde towards the Argyshire mountains, with the various vessels of all sizes sailing on the busy river, the Kilpatrick ranges to the north, and the distant spires and domes of Paisley to the south, complete a very lovely scene.

The property was originally called Renfield, but was changed by the builder of the present mansion to Blythswood, the name of the more valuable property belonging to Sir Archibald Campbell, upon which the west end of Glasgow is built. The Campbells have held the property since 1647, when it first came into the possession of Colin Campbell of Elie, who was descended from the Ardinglass branch of the Argyll family; the first of that family being Colin, brother to Duncan, first Lord of Argyll, in the fifteenth century. The present Sir Archibald Campbell is of the family of Douglas of Mains, in the neighbouring county, who, as heirs of entail, assumed the name and arms of Campbell, in 1838, at the death of the then holder of the property. They had intermarried so early as 1701 with the Campbells. The lands of Mains have been held by the family of Douglas since 1373; they were of the Douglasses of Dalkeith, now represented by the Earls of Morton. A peerage was granted to a member of the family, Robert Douglas of Mains, as Viscount Belhaven, in 1633; but the title became extinct. Sir Archibald Campbell is descended from the elder brother of the Viscount, Sir Alexander Douglas.

Blythswood was honoured in 1876 by the presence of the Prince and Princess of Wales, with their two sons, and, in 1874 and 1882, by that of the Duke of Albany, who was accompanied by the Duchess.

We give Views of Blythswood and of scenes around it; the junction of the Cart with the Clyde, at the foot of the park; the view, from the Queen's bed-room, of the valley of the Clyde; and one showing the late Duke of Albany's tree,



JUNCTION OF THE CART AND CLYDE AT THE FOOT OF THE BLYTHSWOOD PARK.

planted in 1882, with another tree planted by the Duchess of Albany. The village church of Inchinnan, near which Archibald, Earl of Argyll, was captured in disguise, in 1685, is shown in another illustration. In the churchyard are some interesting tombstones of the ancient Knights, carefully preserved by the owner of Blythswood.

Her Majesty, in driving through Blythswood Park, saw the spot where Queen Margaret of Scotland was killed by falling from her horse, and other places with historical associations of some interest.

# FRIENDS.

In his "Epistle to Joseph Hill" Cowper quaintly versifies a joke, which is, to say the least, of somewhat musty flavour. A servant asks leave of his master to go out—just a step, he explains—in fact, only to the end of the street. "What for?" inquires the master. "An please you, Sir, to see a friend." "A friend!" exclaims his master, with melodramatic start; "yes, thou shalt, indeed! A friend! Go, fetch my cloak,

For, though the night be raw,  
I'll see him, too—the first I ever saw."

Cowper, at all events, was the last man who should have indulged in this sorry quip, for he found, in the depth of his anguish, many a loyal friend who steadied his tottering steps and bound up his bleeding wounds. And, to do him justice, he has, on more than one occasion, expressed, with frank sincerity, his debt of gratitude. The jest is, as I have said, of somewhat musty flavour. It can be traced back to the Greeks, and even to a remoter antiquity, for the Preacher himself moralises on the emptiness of friends and friendship. Yet, like most popular prejudices, it is, as all of us know, without a solid basis. No man is so unfortunate as to be completely friendless; or, as Mr. Longfellow puts it, no heart is so utterly desolate but some other heart responds to it. Even Napoleon's iron egotism gave way before his attachment to Duroc. As for the higher natures—the finer spirits, which are naturally alive to the broader and loftier issues of humanity—these speedily discover and lay hold upon their comrades, their brothers-in-arms, their "other selves." David and Jonathan, Paul and Apollos, Cicero and Atticus—these are old examples of felicitous friendships. Grave-browed Dante emerges from the mingled gloom and radiance of his vision—Milton puts aside his early dreams of immortal fame—to touch the warm hand of a friend. One cannot mention Sir Philip Sidney without thinking of Fulke Greville, or of Spenser without Raleigh, or of Gray without Mason, or of Edmund Burke without Charles James Fox. Milton has his "Lycidas"; Tennyson his "In Memoriam." And we, we smaller men, rejoice in those most true, most loyal, and most generous friends, in whom we know we can place our trust without hesitation or reserve. Why, it is the kindly heart of unselfish friendship which does so much to lighten the pressure of adverse circumstance, of unprosperous fortune; which makes life welcome and more tolerable to each of us. When the stormy winds "do blow" and the rains beat on our uncovered heads, and the spirit of evil is abroad, how we rejoice in the shelter afforded by the faithfulness of our friend! "A friend in need," says the old proverb, "is a friend in deed"—and I thank God that "the need" seldom comes without bringing "the friend." I have no patience with those unjust aspersions against human nature, which, in spite of much moral and intellectual degradation, retains, after all, some likeness to its Divine original. If there be any unfortunate being who cannot claim the right to call one man his friend, surely it is his own fault—folly which has brought him to such a pass.

Alas, the saddest things in the pathway traced by our departed years are the memorial-stones that tell of friends who have gone before us. There is such a pure, disinterested, elevated joy in a true friendship that the close of it must always be a matter for tears. In love we find a soul of selfishness, but friendship has no such alloy. It exists entirely for another; its surrenders are always made for another; its rejoicing is always for another. For a friend is even more anxious for our happiness—aye, and for our honour—than we are ourselves. Pythias will die upon the scaffold to redeem the pledge of Damon; though, to be sure, Damon will haste over land and sea to prevent the sacrifice. Of whatever exploits of heroism, generosity, gentleness, and endurance love is capable, I am confident that friendship will transcend them all. It has only one rival in its self-abnegation, and that is—a mother's love.

It has always appeared to me that man's capacity for friendship is a striking proof of the soul's fitness for immortality, because it means a capacity for the loftiest thoughts, the deepest feelings, the finest sympathies, and the bravest deeds. For what does a man ask of his friend? First, to sustain him in "high and noble thoughts, raising his spirits, and adding to his courage," till he outdoes himself. Next, to keep constantly before his eyes the ideal of the perfect life, and to do his utmost to make him or enable him to realise it. Further, to be ever ready, at demand, to supply him with the qualities of justice, punctuality, fidelity, and pity. A man wants of his friend that he shall strengthen him in his worthiest purposes, and persuade him out of all his faults and failings; that he shall inspire and confirm in him the love of truth, purity, and honour; that he shall give him faithful warning when he is straying from the right path, and aid him with manly encouragement when his knees are feeble. And, more, that when sorrows come and trials, he shall be at hand to console and support, with sympathy as well as with assistance. A faithful friend, says an old writer, is the medicine of life.

"The end of friendship," says Emerson, "is a commerce the most strict and homely that can be joined; more strict than any of which we have experience. It is for aid and comfort through all the relations and passages of life and death. It is fit for serene days, and graceful gifts, and country rambles; but also for rough roads and hard fare, shipwreck, poverty, and persecution. We are to dignify to each other the daily needs and offices of man's life, and embellish it by courage, wisdom, and unity." Surely there must be something divine in the humanity which can be and

do all this!—which is capable of that glorious relation between two souls known as friendship?

I find it stated that we do not choose our friends; that like all God's blessings, they come unsought. But there can be no accident or haphazard in the formation of a living and substantial friendship. There must be something in the one member of the companionship that there is not in the other. I do not believe in the friendship of "equals" or of "likes." The intercourse may be begun by trivial incidents—a touch—a word—a glance—which reveals a common sympathy or an existing want; but it can be kept up only by the discovery on either side of indispensable attributes. It is essential that the one should look up, and the other look down; that the one should seek protection and the other afford it. I do not actually find that men absolutely identical in tastes and character, or similar and equal in gifts, "foregather," as the Scotch say; there is a stronger polarity in "contrast." The beautiful friendship of Keats and Severn, or of General Nicholson and Sir Herbert Edwards, or of Charles Lamb and George Dyer, was the friendship between men who had important points of difference. "For mine own part," says Mark Antony, "I shall be glad to learn of noble men;" and that is the spirit in which we must endeavour to decide our friendships. We must take care that our friend is stronger and better than ourself; that so he may command our respect as well as our affection. Then that higher nature will lean towards our weakness, and be attracted by it, deriving its happiness from the strength and support it supplies, just as the deepest gratification of maternal love is found in supplying the necessities of infancy. This seems to me the underlying principle of an enduring friendship—an endearing attachment of soul to soul, and heart to heart. A man seeks and finds in his friend all that he does not in himself possess, but most desires—"the other half of his soul," to adopt the old Platonic fancy. The despondent spirit seeks the brighter, the feeble falls back upon the more robust, the slow and cold is drawn towards the quick and ardent. Thus it is that William III. clasps hands with Bentinck, William Pitt with George Canning, Charles James Fox with Edmund Burke. The chief joy one has in one's friend lies in this, that through him that which is not ours becomes ours; and the chief gratitude which we owe to him is a gratitude for the sublime unselfishness with which he gives us of his best, knowing that in return we can give him only of our poorest. W. H. D.-A.

# THE DAIRY FARMS OF DENMARK.

A great deal of attention has lately been attracted to the agriculture of Denmark, mainly because of the great prosperity of the dairy industry of that country; but it has been reserved for Consul Inglis to present English readers with the most



INCHINNAN CHURCH, NEAR BLYTHSWOOD.

valuable report on dairy farms in that country which has yet appeared, as it contains illustrations of the interior of a Danish dairy factory and the principal machines used therein, as well as tables giving details of winter feeding, milk yield and price, and cost of production in twenty-three large dairies. Most of the information appears to have been obtained from a report written by M. Boggild, who says the number of cows in the country is 900,000. As the population is only 2,000,000 there are forty-five cows to each hundred people, which we find is the largest ratio of which any country in the world can boast. We have recently referred to the large exports of butter from Denmark, and to the system of dairy-teaching adopted in that country. The report before us is concerned chiefly with the dairy factories, about 200 of which, dealing with the milk from 5000 to 6000 cows per day, are conducted on co-operative principles. In this and in the system of instruction in private dairies we have the secret of the great success of the dairy interest in Denmark. The rules of one of the co-operative dairies are given, and they show the minute care which is exercised in those institutions and imposed on the farmers who supply the milk. Having ascertained the most profitable scale of diet for cows, the association insists on their members adopting it, and, in order to encourage them to feed their cows well, payment for milk is in proportion to cream yielded—cream of a given standard no doubt. The principal foods given to the cows in winter are clover hay, meadow hay, mangolds, carrots, turnips, corn, bran, oil-cake, and palm-cake. The proportions vary; but the average weight of corn, cake, and bran per cow per day in twenty-three dairies is 6lb. Turnips are not used in half the dairies, and in most instances where these roots are given the quantity is small. All but six use mangolds and carrots, and all but three hay, both kinds of food being supplied liberally. The average cost of producing 100lb. of milk in the twenty-three dairies comes out at 4s. 2½d., or almost exactly 5½d. per imperial gallon. Apparently this refers to the cost of food only; but, of course, it would be much less in summer.

In London in the week ending Aug. 25 2401 births and 1438 deaths were registered. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 300, and the deaths 115, below the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years.

Mr. John Redmond, M.P., Mr. William Redmond, M.P., and Mr. Edward Walsh, editor of the *Wexford People*, a Nationalist paper, were arrested on Aug. 27, and remanded on bail, on charges connected with a recent eviction in the county of Wexford. Father Kennedy, of Meelin, county of Cork, was arrested the same day.

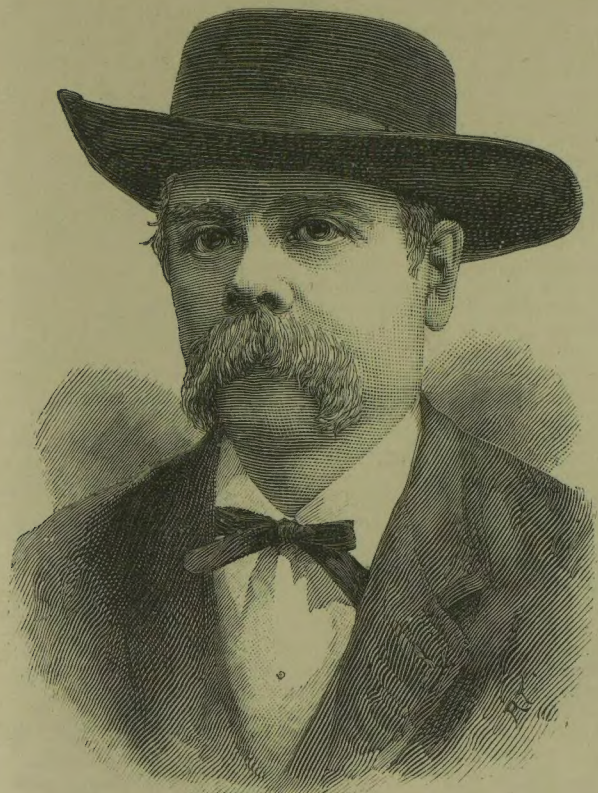


## FATAL BALLOON ACCIDENT.

Mr. Simmons, the well-known aeronaut, was killed on Monday, Aug. 27, at Ulting, near Maldon, in Essex, by an accident with his large balloon, the Cosmo, which had ascended that afternoon from the Olympia grounds, West Kensington, where the Irish Exhibition is held. He was accompanied in the car, with an intention of crossing the sea to Flanders and Germany,

field on the opposite side of the road. It immediately rose and again descended in the same spot with great force. It is certain that the balloon bumped the earth a third time, and some of the men who had run to the place state that it rose and fell a fourth time, but upon this point there is some doubt. However, it was on the third or fourth rise that the final disaster—the collapse of the balloon itself—occurred. The blacksmith, who, with two other men, had hurried from his forge to the

at Widdington, in Essex. Two years later, in March, 1882, the deceased, accompanied by Colonel Brine, of the Royal Engineers, ascended from Canterbury, with the intention of crossing to France. The adventurers passed over Shakespeare's Cliff, Dover, at an elevation of only 500 ft., and all went well until the balloon was a distance of five miles from land; here the wind dropped, and for a time the balloon remained stationary. After a while the wind turned to the



THE LATE MR. SIMMONS, THE AERONAUT,  
Killed by the Balloon Accident near Maldon, Essex.

by Mr. W. L. Field, of West Brighton, and Mr. Myers, of the Natural History Museum, South Kensington, both of whom had made previous voyages. After leaving Olympia shortly after half-past three o'clock, the balloon passed over Romford, Brentwood, Ingatestone, and Chelmsford, and all went well until the descent at Ulting at about a quarter-past five. Mr. Simmons had resolved to descend and anchor for the night, as the seacoast was in sight. Some labourers at work in the fields at Ulting (a hamlet of small houses midway between Witham and Maldon, about three miles from either) saw the balloon coming at a good speed from the south-west. It was then rapidly nearing the earth, and at New House Farm, a short distance away, the occupants were observed to throw out some sand. At this time the grapnel was dragging, as some of the barley in a field that the balloon passed over was torn up. At the edge of this barley-field, immediately touching the high road, are the three elm-trees which are supposed to have been the cause of the accident. They stand about fifteen feet from one another, and are about thirty feet in height. On the balloon rising from over the barley-field, the grapnel caught in the first of the trees, tearing one of the upper branches. The iron held firm, and the balloon, rising to the length of the cable, was blown with a violent crash to the earth, landing in a corn-

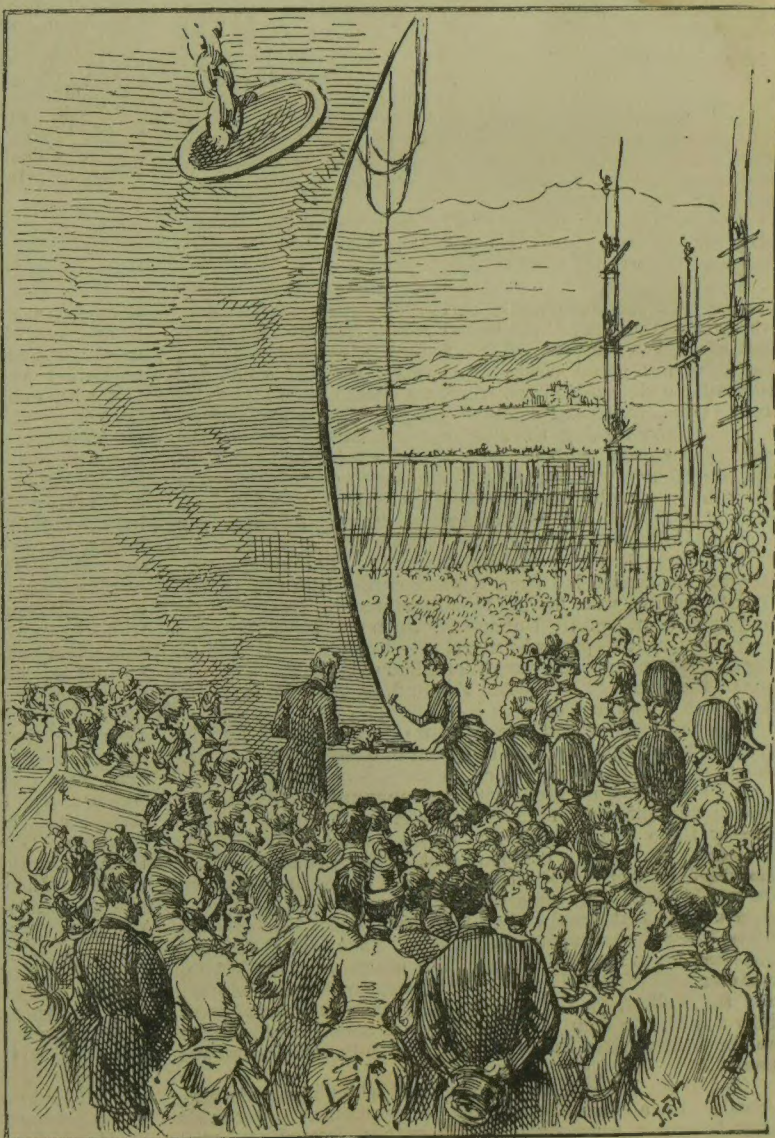


DESTRUCTION OF MR. SIMMONS'S BALLOON AT ULTING, NEAR MALDON.  
From a Photograph by Mr. W. W. Gladwin, of Maldon.

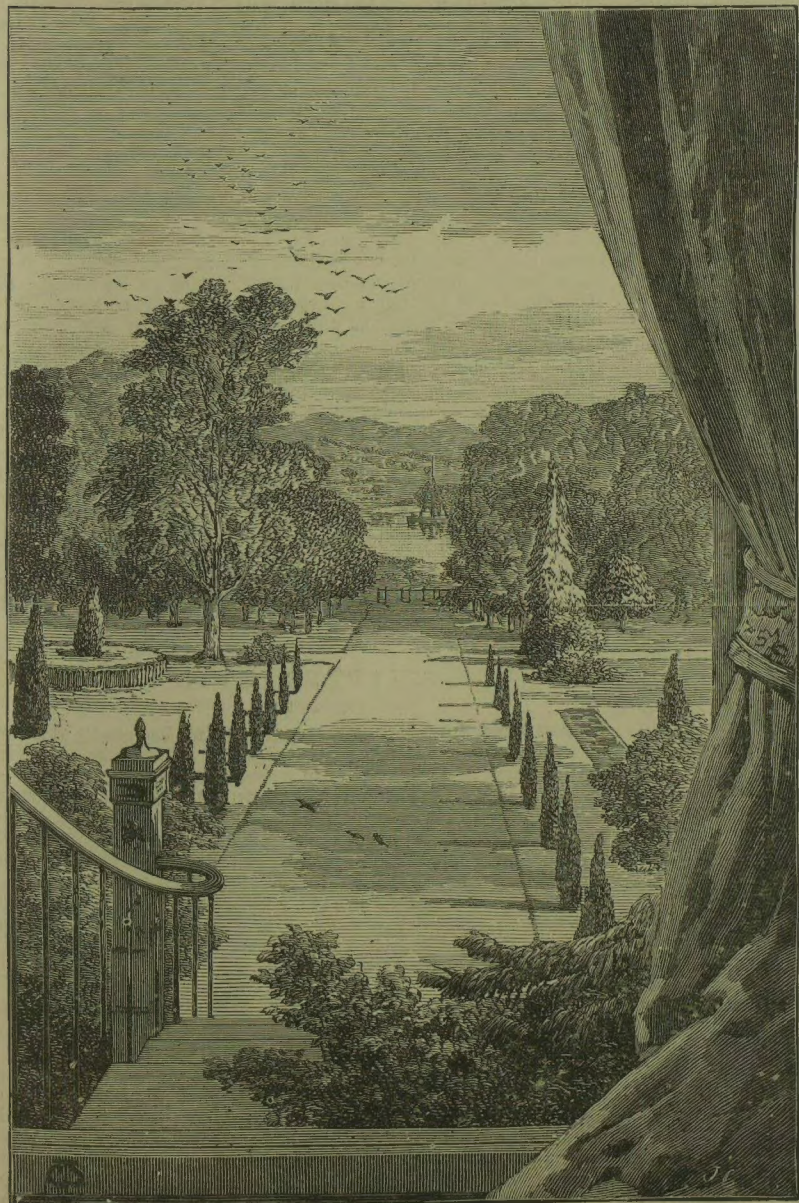
other side of the corn-field, and had endeavoured to hold on to the rope hanging from the car, states that the balloon burst with a loud report when it was up in the air, the silk blew about over the field, and then the car and its occupants fell like a stone. The spot where the car fell for the last time being practically the same as that which it first touched, would seem to show that each time the balloon rose and fell in an almost straight line. The balloon, which was unusually large, being capable of containing 62,000 ft. of gas, with a carrying power of 24 cwt., was not ripped with one large rent, as would have been the case if caught by the tree, but was torn into several distinct pieces. The car was composed of iron wire network, and was 5 ft. in diameter. When it reached the ground for the last time, it was entirely beaten and battered out of shape, some of the seats being displaced, while its connection with the balloon was severed. The whole of the terrible scene only occupied about two minutes, and the labourers were soon able to set to work to extricate the unfortunate men. They had literally

to cut their way to the car, and found the occupants lying insensible in a heap. Mr. Myers was on the top, with Mr. Field beneath, and Mr. Simmons at the bottom of the car. A messenger at once started on a bicycle to bring medical help, and Mr. Gutteridge, surgeon, and his son drove over from Maldon, arriving about six o'clock. Mr. Simmons was quite insensible; he died about nine o'clock without having recovered consciousness. The base of the skull was fractured and there were also bruises on the chest. Mr. Field was lying with his right thigh fractured. Mr. Myers received a severe shaking, and has suffered other injuries.

Mr. Simmons had had a ballooning experience of thirty years, and made 495 ascents. He succeeded on three occasions in crossing to the Continent in a balloon, but was twice rescued in the Channel from very perilous situations. In 1875 he ascended from Cremorne Gardens with De Groof, the Belgian "flying man." De Groof endeavoured to descend by means of a parachute of his own invention, but fell dead in the streets. In 1880 Simmons took part in a balloon competition with a number of other well-known aeronauts. The competitors started from various points in the neighbourhood of London, and Simmons on that occasion descended



PRINCESS BEATRICE LAUNCHING H.M.S. MARATHON AT THE FAIRFIELD SHIPBUILDING COMPANY'S YARD, GOVAN.



VIEW FROM THE QUEEN'S BEDROOM, BLITHSWOOD.



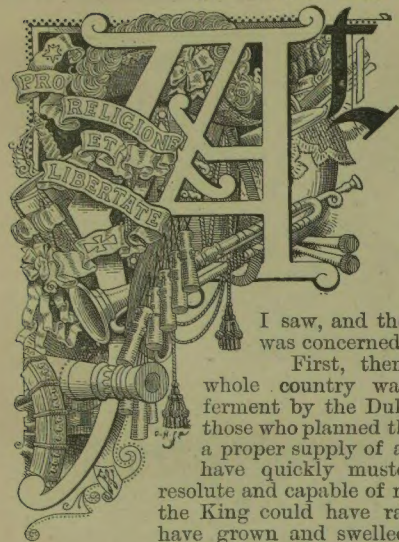
## FOR FAITH AND FREEDOM.\*

BY WALTER BESANT,

AUTHOR OF "DOROTHY FORSTER," "CHILDREN OF GIBBEON,"  
"THE REVOLT OF MAN," "KATHARINE REGINA," ETC.

## CHAPTER XVI.

## ON THE MARCH.



DAYBREAK, next morning, the drums began to beat and the trumpets began to blow, and after breakfast the newly-raised army marched out in such order as was possible. I have not to write a history of this rebellion, which hath already been done by able hands; I speak only of what I saw, and the things with which I was concerned.

First, then, it is true that the whole country was swiftly put into a ferment by the Duke's landing; and had those who planned the expedition provided a proper supply of arms, the army would have quickly mustered 20,000 men, all resolute and capable of meeting any force that the King could have raised. Nay, it would have grown and swelled as it moved. But there were never enough arms from the outset.

Everything at first promised well for the Duke. But there were not arms for the half of those who came in. The spirit of the Devon and Somerset Militia was lukewarm; they ran at Bridport, at Axminster, and at Chard; nay, some of them even deserted to join the Duke. There were thousands scattered about the country—those, namely, who still held to the doctrines of the persecuted ministers, and those who abhorred the Catholic religion—who wished well and would have joined—Humphrey knew well-wishers by the thousand whose names were on the lists in Holland—but how could they join when the army was so ill-found? And this was the principal reason, I have been assured, why the country gentlemen, with their following, did not come in at first—because there were no arms. How can soldiers fight when they have no arms? How could the Duke have been suffered to begin with so scanty a preparation of arms? Afterwards, when Monmouth proclaimed himself King, there were, perhaps, other reasons why the well-wishers held aloof. Some of them, certainly, who were known to be friends of the Duke (among them our old friend Mr. Prideaux, of Ford Abbey) were arrested and thrown into prison, while many thousands who were flocking to the standard were either turned back upon the road or seized and thrown into prison.

As for the quality of the troops which formed the army, I know nothing, except that at Sedgemoor they continued to fight valiantly after their leaders had fled. They were raw troops—mere country lads—and their officers were, for the most part, simple tradesmen who had no knowledge of the art of war. Dare the younger was a goldsmith; Captain Perrot was a dyer; Captain Hucker, a maker of serge; and so on with all of them. It was unfortunate that Mr. Andrew Fletcher, of Saltoun, should have killed Mr. Dare the elder on the first day, because, as everybody agrees, the former was the most experienced soldier in the whole army.

The route proposed by the Duke was known to everybody. He intended to march through Taunton, Bridgwater, and Bristol to Gloucester, where he thought he would be joined by a new army raised by his friends in Cheshire. He also reckoned on receiving adherents everywhere on the road, and on easily defeating any force that the King should be able to send against him. How he fared in that notable scheme is common history.

Long before the army was ready to march, Humphrey came to advise with us. First of all, he endeavoured to have speech with my father, but in vain (henceforth my father seemed to have no thought of his wife and daughter). Humphrey therefore advised us to go home. "As for your alleged dedication to the cause," he said, "I think that he hath already forgotten it, seeing that it means nothing, and that your presence with us cannot help. Go home, then, Madam, and let Alice persuade Robin to stay at home in order to take care of you."

"Nay," said my mother; "that may we not do. I must obey my husband, who commanded us to follow him. Whither he goeth thither also I will follow."

Finding that she was resolute upon this point, Humphrey told us that the Duke would certainly march upon Taunton, where more than half of the town were his friends. He therefore advised that we should ride to that place—not following the army but going across the country, most of which is a very wild and desolate part, where we should be in no danger except from gypsies and such wild people, robbers and rogues, truly, but now making the most of the disturbed state of the country and running about the roads plundering and thieving. But he said he would himself provide us with a guide, one who knew the way, and a good stout fellow, armed with a cudgel, at least. To this my mother agreed, fearing to anger her husband if she should disturb him at his work.

Humphrey had little trouble in finding the guide for us. He was an honest lad from a place called Holford, in the Quantock Hills, who, finding that there were no arms for him, was going home again. Unhappily, when we got to Taunton, he was persuaded—partly by me, alas!—to remain. He joined Barnaby's company, and was either killed at Sedgemoor, or was one of those hanged at Weston Zoyland, or Bridgwater. For he was no more heard of.

This business settled, we went up to the churchyard in order to see the march of the army out of camp. And a brave show the gallant soldiers made.

First rode Colonel Wade with the vanguard. After them, with a due interval, rode the greater part of the Horse, already three hundred strong, under Lord Grey of Wark. Among them was the company sent by Mr. Speke, of White Lackington, forty very stout fellows, well armed and mounted on cart-horses. The main army was composed of four regiments. The first was the Blue Regiment, or the Duke's Own, whose Colonel was the aforesaid Wade. They formed the van, and were seven hundred strong. The others were the White, commanded by Colonel Foukes; the Green, by Colonel Holmes; and the Yellow, by Colonel Fox. All these regiments were fully armed, the men wearing favours or rosettes in their hats and on their arms of the colour from which their regiment was named.

The Duke himself, who rode a great white horse, was surrounded by a small bodyguard of gentlemen (afterwards they became a company of forty), richly dressed and well mounted. With him were carried the colours, embroidered

with the words "Pro Religione et Libertate." This was the second time that I had seen the Duke, and again I felt at sight of his face the foreknowledge of coming woe. On such an occasion the chief should show a gallant mien and a face of cheerful hope. The Duke, however, looked gloomy, and hung his head.

Truly, it seemed to me as if no force could dare so much as to meet this great and invincible army. And certainly there could nowhere be gathered together a more stalwart set of soldiers, nearly all young men, and full of spirit. They shouted and sang as they marched. Presently there passed us my brother Barnaby, with his company of the Green Regiment. It was easy to perceive by the handling of his arms and by his bearing that he was accustomed to act with others, and already he had so begun to instruct his men that they set an example to the rest both in their orderliness of march and the carriage of their weapons.

After the main army they carried the ordnance—four small cannon—and the ammunition in waggons with guards and horsemen. Lastly there rode those who do not fight, yet belong to the army. These were the Chaplain to the army, Dr. Hooke, a grave clergyman of the Church of England; Mr. Ferguson, the Duke's private Chaplain, a fiery person, of whom many hard things have been said, which here concern us not; and my father, who thus rode openly with the other two, in order that the Nonconformists might be encouraged by his presence, as an equal with the two chaplains. He was clad in a new cassock, obtained I know not whence. He sat upright in the saddle, a Bible in his hand, his long white locks lying on his shoulders like a perruque, but more venerable than any wig. His thin face was flushed with the joy of coming victory, and his eyes flashed fire. If all the men had shown such a spirit the army would have overrun the whole country. The four surgeons—Dr. Temple, Dr. Gaylard, Dr. Oliver, and Humphrey—followed, all splendid in black velvet and great periwigs. Lastly marched the rearguard; and after the army there followed such a motley crew as no one can conceive. There were gypsies, with their black tents and carts, ready to rob and plunder; there were tinkers, who are nothing better than gypsies; and are even said to speak their language; there were men with casks on wheels filled with beer or cider; there were carts carrying bread, cakes, biscuits, and such things as one can buy in a booth or at a fair: there were women of bold and impudent looks, singing as they walked; there were, besides, whole troops of country lads, some of them mere boys, running and strutting along in hopes to receive arms and to take a place in the regiments.

Presently they were all gone, and Lyme was quit of them. What became in the end of all the rabble rout which followed the army I know not. One thing was certain: the godly disposition, the pious singing of psalms, and the devout exposition of the Word which I had looked for in the army were not anywhere apparent. Rather there was evident a tumultuous joy, as of schoolboys out for a holiday—certainly no schoolboys could have made more noise or showed greater happiness in their faces. Among them, however, there were some men of middle age, whose faces showed a different temper; but these were rare.

"Lord help them!" said our friendly fisherwoman, who stood with us. "There will be hard knocks before those fine fellows go home again."

"They fight on the Lord's side," said my mother; "therefore, they may be killed, but they will not wholly perish."

As for the hard knocks, they began without any delay, and on that very morning. For at Axminster they encountered the Somerset and Devon Militia, who thought to join their forces, but were speedily put to flight by the rebels—a victory which greatly encouraged them.

It hath been maliciously said, I have heard, that we followed the army—as if we were two suttler women—on foot, I suppose, tramping in the dust, singing ribald songs like those poor creatures whom we saw marching out of Lyme. You have heard how we agreed to follow Humphrey's advice. Well, we left Lyme very early the next morning (our fisherwoman having now become very friendly and loth to let us go) and rode out, our guide (poor lad! his death lies heavy on my soul, yet I meant the best: and, truly, he was on the side of the Lord) marching beside us armed with a stout bludgeon. We kept the main road (which was very quiet at this early hour) as far as Axminster, where we left it; and, after crossing the river by a ford or wash, we engaged upon a track, or path, which led along the banks of a little stream for a mile or two—as far as the village of Chardstock. Here we made no halt; but, leaving it behind, we struck into a most wild and mountainous country full of old forests and great bare places. It is called the Forest of Neroche, and is said to shelter numbers of gypsies and vagabonds, and to have in it some of those wild people who live in the hills and woods of Somerset and do no work except to gather the dry broom and tie it up and sell it, and so live hard and hungry lives, but know not any master. These are reported to be a harmless people, but the gypsies are dangerous because they are ready to rob and even murder. I thought of Barnaby's bag of gold tied about my waist, and trembled. However, we met with none of them on our journey, because just then they were all running after Monmouth's army. There was no path over the hills by the way we took; but our guide knew the country so well that he needed none, pointing out all the hills with a kind of pride as if they belonged to him, and telling us the name of every one; but these I have long since forgotten. The country, however, I can never forget, because it is so wild and beautiful. One place I remember. It is a very strange and wonderful place. There is a vast great earthwork surrounded by walls of stone, but these are ruinous. It stands on a hill, called Blackdown, which looks over into the Vale of Taunton. The guide said it was called Castle Ratch, and that it was built long ago by the ancient Romans. It is not at all like Sherborne Castle, which Oliver Cromwell slighted after he took the place, blowing it up with gunpowder; but Sherborne was not built by the Romans. Here, after our long walk, we halted and took the dinner of cold bacon and bread which we had brought with us. The place looks out upon the beautiful Vale of Taunton, of which I had heard. Surely, there cannot be a more rich, fertile, and lovely place in all England than the Vale of Taunton. Our guide began to tell us of the glories of the town, its wealth and populousness—and all for Monmouth, he added. When my mother was rested we remounted our nags and went on, descending into the plain. Humphrey had provided us with a letter commendatory. He, who knew the names of all who were well affected, assured us that the lady to whom the letter was addressed, Miss Susan Blake by name, was one of the most forward in the Protestant Cause. She was well known and much respected, and she kept a school for young gentlewomen, where many children of the Nonconformist gentry were educated. He instructed us to proceed directly to her house, and to ask her to procure for us a decent and safe lodging. He could not have given us a letter to any better person.

It was late in the afternoon when we rode into Taunton. The streets were full of people running about, talking now in

groups and now by twos and threes; now shouting and now whispering; while we rode along the street, a man ran bawling—

"Great news! great news! Monmouth is upon us with twice ten thousand men!"

It seems that they had only that day learned of the defeat of the Militia by the rebels. A company of the Somerset Militia were in the town, under Colonel Luttrell, in order to keep down the people.

Taunton is, as everybody knows, a most rich, prosperous, and populous town. I had never before seen so many houses and so many people gathered together. Why, if the men of Taunton declared for the Duke, his cause, one felt sure, was already won. For there is nowhere, as I could not fail to know, a greater stronghold of Dissent than this town, except London, and none where the Nonconformists have more injuries to remember. Only two years before this their meeting-houses had been broken into and their pulpits and pews brought out and burned, and they were forced, against their conscience, to worship in the parish church.

We easily found Miss Blake's house, and, giving our horses to the guide, we presented her with our letter. She was a young woman somewhat below the common stature, quick of speech, her face and eyes full of vivacity, and about thirty years of age. But when she had read the letter and understood who we were and whence we came, she first made a deep reverence to my mother and then she took my hands and kissed me.

"Madam," she said, "believe me, my poor house will be honoured indeed by the presence of the wife and the daughter of the godly Dr. Comfort Eykin. Pray, pray, go no farther. I have a room that is at your disposal. Go thither, Madam, I beg, and rest after your journey. The wife of Dr. Comfort Eykin! 'Tis indeed an honour." And so with the kindest words she led us up-stairs, and gave us a room with a bed in it, and caused water for washing to be brought, and presently went out with me to buy certain things needful for us (who were indeed somewhat rustical in our dress), in order that we might present the appearance of gentlewomen—thanks to Barnaby's heavy purse, I could get them without troubling my mother's careful mind about the cost. She then gave us supper, and told us all the news. The King, she said, was horribly afraid, and it was rumoured that the priests had all been sent away to France; the Taunton people were resolved to give the Duke a brave reception; all over the country, there was no doubt men would rally by thousands; she was in a rapture of joy and gratitude. Supper over, she took us to her school-room, and here—oh! the pretty sight!—her schoolgirls were engaged in working and embroidering flags for the Duke's army.

"I know not," she said, "whether his Grace will condescend to receive them. But it is all we women can do." Poor wretch! she afterwards suffered the full penalty for her zeal.

All that evening we heard the noise of men running about the town, with the clanking of weapons and the commands of officers; but we knew not what had happened.

Lo! in the morning the glad tidings that the Militia had left the town. Nor was that all; for at daybreak the people began to assemble, and, there being none to stay them, broke into the great church of St. Mary's and took possession of the arms that had been deposited for safety in the tower. They also opened the prison and set free a worthy Nonconformist divine, named Vincent. All the morning the mob ran about the streets, shouting, "A Monmouth! A Monmouth!" the Magistrates and Royalists not daring so much as to show their faces, and there was nothing talked of but the overthrow of the King and the triumph of the Protestant religion. Nay, there were fiery speakers in the market-place and before the west porch of the church, who mounted on tubs and exhorted the people. Grave merchants came forth and shook hands with each other; and godly ministers who had been in hiding walked forth boldly. It was truly a great day for Taunton.

The excitement grew greater when Captain Hucker, a well-known serge-maker of the town, rode in with a troop of Monmouth's horse. Captain Hucker had been seized by Colonel Phillips on the charge of receiving a message from the Duke, but he escaped and joined the rebels, to his greater loss, as afterwards appeared. However, he now rode in to tell his fellow-townsmen of his own wonderful and providential escape, and that the Duke would certainly arrive the next day, and he exhorted them to give him such a welcome as he had a right to expect at their hands. He also reminded them that they were the sons of the men who, forty years before, defended Taunton under Admiral Blake. There was a great shouting and tossing of caps after Captain Hucker's address, and no one could do too much for the horsemen with him, so that I fear these brave fellows were soon fain to lie down and sleep till the fumes of the strong ale should leave their brains.

All that day and half the night we sat in Miss Blake's schoolroom finishing the flags, in which I was permitted to join. There were twenty-seven flags in all presented to the army by the Taunton maids: twelve by Miss Blake and fifteen by one Mrs. Musgrave, also a schoolmistress. And now, indeed, seeing that the Militia at Axminster had fled almost at the mere aspect of one man; and that those of Taunton had also fled away secretly by night, and catching the zeal of our kind entertainer, and considering the courage and spirit of these good people, I began to feel confident again, and my heart, which had fallen very low at the sight of the Duke's hanging head and gloomy looks, rose again, and all dangers seemed to vanish. And so, in a mere fool's paradise, I continued happy indeed until the fatal news of Sedgemoor fight awoke us all from our fond dreams.

## CHAPTER XVII.

## TAUNTON.

I never weary in thinking of the gaiety and happiness of those four days at Taunton among the rebels. There was no more doubt in any of our hearts: we were all confident of victory—and that easy and, perhaps, bloodless. As was the rejoicing at Taunton, so it would be in every town of the country. One only had to look out of window in order to feel assurance of that victory, so jolly, so happy, so confident looked every face.

"Why," said Miss Blake, "in future ages even we women, who have only worked the flags, will be envied for our share in the glorious deliverance. Great writers will speak of us as they speak of the Roman women." Then all our eyes sparkled, and the needles flew faster and the flags grew nearer to completion.

If history should condescend to remember the poor Maids of Taunton at all, it will be, at best, with pity for the afflictions which afterwards fell upon them: none, certainly, will envy them; but we shall be forgotten. Why should we be remembered? Women, it is certain, have no business with affairs of State, and especially none with rebellions and civil wars. Our hearts and passions carry us away. The leaders in the cause which we have joined appear to us to be more than human; we cannot restrain ourselves, we fall down and worship our leaders, especially in the cause of religion and liberty.

Now behold! On the very morning after we arrived at





DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER.

*Her schoolgirls were engaged in working and embroidering flags for the Duke's army.*

"FOR FAITH AND FREEDOM."—BY WALTER BESANT.



Taunton I was abroad in the streets with Miss Blake, looking at the town, which hath shops full of the most beautiful and precious things, and wondering at the great concourse of people (for the looms were all deserted, and the workmen were in the streets filled with a martial spirit), I saw riding into the town no other than Robin himself. Oh! how my heart leaped up to see him! He was most gallantly dressed in a purple coat, with a crimson sash over his shoulders to carry his sword; he had pistols in his holsters, and wore great riding-boots, and with him rode a company of a dozen young men, mounted on good strong nags; why, they were men of our own village, and I knew them, every one. They were armed with muskets and pikes—I knew where those came from—and when they saw me the fellows all began to grin, and to square their shoulders so as to look more martial. But Robin leaped from his horse.

"'Tis Alice!" he cried. "Dear heart! Thou art then safe, so far? Madam, your servant." Here he took off his hat to Miss Blake. "Lads, ride on to the White Hart and call for what you want, and take care of the nags. This is a joyful meeting, Sweetheart." Here he kissed me. "The Duke, they say, draws thousands daily. I thought to find him in Taunton by this time. Why, we are as good as victorious already. Humphrey, I take it, is with his Grace. My dear, even had the Cause of Freedom failed to move me I had been dragged by the silken ropes of Love. Truly, I could not choose but come. There was the thought of these brave fellows marching to battle, and I all the time skulking at home, who had ever been so loud upon their side. And there was the thought of Humphrey, braving the dangers of the field, tender though he be, and I, strong and lusty, sitting by the fire, and sleeping on a feather bed; and always there was the thought of thee, my dear, among these rude soldiers—like Milton's lady among the rabble rout, because well I know that even Christian warriors (so called) are not lambs; and, again, there was my grandfather, who could find no rest, but continually walked to and fro, with looks that at one time said, 'Go, my son'; and at others, 'Nay; lest thou receive a hurt'; and the white face of my mother, which said, as plain as eyes could speak: 'He ought to go, he ought to go; and yet he may be killed.'

"Oh, Robin! Pray God there prove to be no more fighting."

"Well, my dear, if I am not tedious to Madam here"—  
"Oh, Sir!" said Miss Blake, "it is a joy to hear this talk." She told me, afterwards, that it was also a joy to look upon so gallant a gentleman, and such a pair of lovers. She, poor creature, had no sweetheart.

"Then on Monday," Robin continued, "the day before yesterday, I could refrain no longer, but laid the matter before my grandfather. Sweetheart! there is, I swear, no better man in all the world."

"Of that I am well assured, Robin."

"First, he said that if anything befell me he should go down in sorrow to his grave; yet that as to his own end an old man so near the grave should not be concerned about the manner of his end so long as he should keep to honour and duty. Next, that in his own youth he had himself gone forth willingly to fight in the cause of Liberty, without counting the risk. Thirdly, that if my conscience did truly urge me to follow the Duke I ought to obey that voice in the name of God. And this with tears in his eyes, and yet a lively and visible satisfaction that, as he himself had chosen, so his grandson would choose. 'Sir,' I said, 'that voice of conscience speaks out very loudly and clearly. I cannot stifle it. Therefore, by your good leave, I will go.' Then he bade me take the best horse in the stable, and gave me a purse of gold, and so I made ready."

Miss Blake, at this point, said that she was reminded of David. It was, I suppose, because Robin was so goodly a lad to look upon; otherwise, David, though an exile, did never endeavour to pull King Saul from his throne.

"Then," Robin continued, "I went to my mother. She wept, because war hath many dangers and chances; but she would not say me 'Nay.' And in the evening when the men came home I went into the village and asked who would go with me. A dozen stout fellows—you know them all, Sweetheart—stepped forth at once; another dozen would have come, but their wives prevented them. And so, mounting them on good cart-horses, I bade farewell and rode away."

"Sir," said Miss Blake, "you have chosen the better part. You will be rewarded by so splendid a victory that it will surprise all the world; and for the rest of your life—yes; and for generations afterwards—you will be ranked among the deliverers of your country. It is a great privilege, Sir, to take part in the noblest passage of English history. Oh!" she clasped her hands, "I am sorry that I am not a man, only because I would strike a blow in this sacred cause. But we are women, and we can but pray—and make flags. We cannot die for the cause."

The event proved that women can sometimes die for the cause, because she herself, if any woman ever did, died for her cause.

Then Robin left us in order to take steps about his men and himself. Captain Hucker received them in the name of the Duke. They joined the cavalry, and Robin was told that he should be made a Captain. This done, he rode out with the rest to meet the Duke.

Now, when his approach was known, everybody who had a horse rode forth to meet him, so that there followed him, when he entered the town, not counting his army, so great a company that they almost made another army.

As soon as it was reported that the Duke was within a mile (they had that day marched sixteen miles, from Ilminster) the church bells were set a-ringing; children came out with baskets of flowers in readiness to strew them at his feet as he should pass—there were roses and lilies and all kinds of summer flowers so that his horse had a most delicate carpet to walk upon; the common people crowded the sides of the streets; the windows were filled with ladies who waved their handkerchiefs and called aloud on Heaven to bless the good Duke, the brave Duke, the sweet and lovely Duke. If there were any malcontents in the town they kept snug; it would have cost them dear even to have been seen in the streets that day. The Duke showed on this occasion a face full of hope and happiness; indeed, if he had not shown a cheerful countenance on such a day, he would have been something less, or something greater, than human. I mean that he would have been either insensible and blockish not to be moved by such a welcome, or else he would have been a prophet, as foreseeing what would follow. He rode bareheaded, carrying his hat in his hand; he was dressed in a shining corslet with a blue silk scarf and a purple coat; his long brown hair hung in curls upon his shoulders; his sweet lips were parted with a gracious smile; his beautiful brown eyes—never had any Prince more lovely eyes—looked pleased and benignant; truly there was never made any man more comely than the Duke of Monmouth. The face of his father, and that of his uncle, King James, were dark and gloomy, but the Duke's face was naturally bright and cheerful; King Charles's long nose in him was softened and reduced to the proportions of manly beauty; in short, there was no feature that in his father was harsh and unpleasant but was in him sweet and beautiful. If I had thought him comely and like a King's son when four years before he made

his Progress, I thought him now ten times as gracious and as beautiful. He was thinner in the face, which gave his appearance the greater dignity; he had ever the most gracious smile and the most charming eyes; and at such a moment as this who could believe the things which they said about his wife and Lady Wentworth? No—they were inventions of his enemies; they must be base lies; so noble a Presence could not conceal a guilty heart; he must be as good and virtuous as he was brave and lovely. Thus we talked, sitting in the window, and thus we cheered our souls. Even now, to think how great and good he looked on that day, it is difficult to believe that he was in some matters so vile. I am not of those who expect one kind of moral conduct from one man and a different kind from another: there is but one set of commandments for rich and poor, for prince and peasant. But the pity of it, oh! the pity of it, with such a prince!

Never, in short, did one see such a tumult of joy; it is impossible to speak otherwise: the people had lost their wits with excess of joy. Nor did they show their welcome in shouting only, for all doors were thrown wide open and supplies and necessities of all kinds were sent to the soldiers in the camp outside the town, so that the country lads declared they had never fared more sumptuously. There now rode after the Duke several Nonconformist ministers, beside my father. Thus there was the pious Mr. Lark, of Lyme: he was an aged Baptist preacher, who thought it no shame to his profession to gird on a sword and to command a troop of horse; and others there were, whose names I forget, who had come forth to join the deliverer.

Lord Grey rode on one side of him, and Colonel Speke on the other; Dr. Hooke, the chaplain, and my father rode behind. My heart swelled with joy to hear how the people, when they had shouted themselves hoarse, cried out for my father, because his presence showed that they would have once more that liberty of worship for want of which they had so long languished. The Duke's own chaplain, Mr. Ferguson, had got a naked sword in his hand, and was marching on foot, crying out, in a most vainglorious manner, "I am Ferguson, the famous Ferguson, that Ferguson for whose head so many hundred pounds were offered. I am that man! I am that man!" He wore a great gown and a silken cassock, which consorted ill with the sword in his hand; and in the evening he preached in the great church, while my father preached in the old meeting-house to a much larger congregation and, I venture to think, with a much more edifying discourse.

The army marched through the town in much the same order as it had marched out of Lyme, and it seemed not much bigger, but the men marched more orderly and there was less laughing and shouting. But the streets were so thronged that the men could hardly make their way.

In the market-place the Duke halted, while his declaration was read aloud. One thing I could not approve. They dragged forth three of the Justices—High Churchmen and standing stoutly for King James—and forced them to listen, bareheaded, to the Declaration: a thing which came near afterwards to their destruction. Yet they looked sour and unwilling, as anyone would have testified. The Declaration was a long document, and the reading of it took half an hour at least; but the people cheered all the time.

After this, they read a Proclamation, warning the soldiers against taking aught without payment. But Robin laughed, saying that this was the way with armies, where the General was always on the side of virtue, yet the soldiers were always yielding to temptation in the matter of sheep and poultry, that human nature must not be too much tempted, and that camp rations are sometimes scanty. But it was a noble Proclamation, and I cannot but believe that the robberies afterwards complained of were committed by the tattered crew who followed the camp, rather than by the brave fellows themselves.

The Duke lay at Captain Hucker's house, over against the Three Cups Inn. This was a great honour for Mr. Hucker, a plain serge-maker, and there were many who were envious, thinking that the Duke should not have gone to the house of so humble a person. It was also said that for his services Mr. Hucker boasted that he should expect nothing less than a coronet and the title of Peer, once the business was safely dispatched. A Peer to be made out of a Master Serge-maker! But we must charitably refuse to believe all that is reported, and, indeed (I say it with sorrow of that most unfortunate lady, Miss Blake), much idle tattle concerning neighbours was carried on in her house, and I was told that it was the same in every house of Taunton, so that the women spent all their time in talking of their neighbours' affairs, and what might be going on in the houses of their friends. This is a kind of talk which my father would never permit, as testifying to idle curiosity and leading to undue importance concerning things which are fleeting and trivial.

However, the Duke was bestowed in Captain Hucker's best bed; of that there was no doubt, and the bells rang and bonfires played, and the people sang and shouted in the streets.

(To be continued.)

Princess Victoria Mary of Teck has become the patron of "The Sea-Shell and Scrap-Book Missions," lately removed to larger premises at 27, Benedict-road, Stockwell, S.W.

Mr. T. M. Colmore has been appointed stipendiary Magistrate for Birmingham, in place of Mr. Kynnersley, who resigned recently owing to ill-health. Mr. Colmore is Recorder of Warwick and a Magistrate for Warwickshire. During the illness of Mr. Kynnersley he acted as deputy-stipendiary.

The annual report of Mr. Müller's famous orphan houses at Ashley Down, near Bristol, tells once more a tale of a sustained flow of benevolence towards an institution which employs none of the ordinary means of attracting the attention of the charitable. Two thousand and fourteen orphans have been under the care of the houses during the past year, and it is stated that there are still many vacancies for orphan girls, with whom no money is expected, neither is any influence needed for their admission. In May last the balance in hand is stated to have been £1078, or only enough to last for two weeks' support; but contributions, both in money and in kind, sufficient for their needs have continued to pour in. The total amount received in this way since 1834, when the houses were started, is stated to be £1,153,004, by which sum 106,672 persons have been taught in the schools entirely supported by the funds of the institution, not to speak of the schools assisted from the same source. During the period five large houses, at an expense of £115,000, have been erected.

## POSTAGE FOR FOREIGN PARTS THIS WEEK.

SEPTEMBER 1, 1883.

Subscribers will please to notice that copies of this week's number forwarded abroad must be prepaid according to the following rates:—To Canada, United States of America, and the whole of Europe, THICK EDITION, *Twopence-halfpenny*; THIN EDITION, *One Penny*. To Australia, Brazil, Cape of Good Hope, China (via United States), Jamaica, Mauritius, and New Zealand, THICK EDITION, *Threepence*; THIN EDITION, *One Penny*. To China (via Brindist), India, and Java, THICK EDITION, *Fourpence-halfpenny*; THIN EDITION, *Threepence*.

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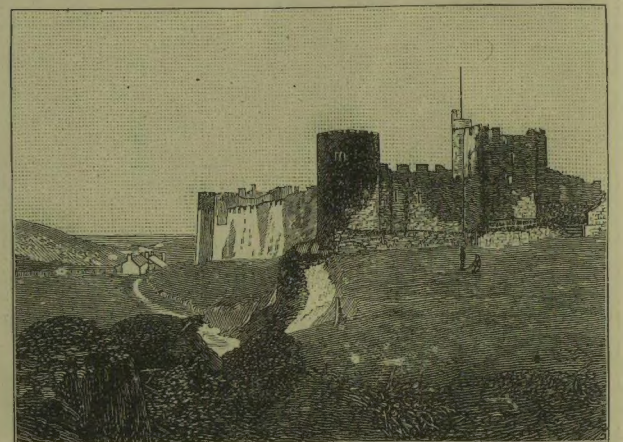
## BLUNDERBORE'S CASTLE.

The bright rollicking south-westerly wind bustles up from the sea, driving the great masses of fleecy-white clouds over the dense blue sky, as merrily as if they were a team of spirited horses and he bore in his mighty hands a whip to send them along with cheerily.

The sea, bluer in places than the sky itself, comes rolling in on the wide pebbly beach, and changes every moment: as now, reflecting the heavy clouds, it becomes for a moment almost purple; and then, dancing among the rocks heavy with sea-weed, it appears to be a translucent green, remaining quiet for a moment, and then, suddenly becoming crested with pale foam, it leaps and dances once more, gambolling in until it flings itself, tired and exhausted, almost at the very feet of Blunderbore's Castle; then it recedes gradually, and we hear the roll of the pebbles as they fall back with the wave into deeper water once more.

Standing here by the window of the ladies' room, and gazing down into the valley, it is almost impossible to believe we are in the very last years of this present century of ours. There is no sound of life; no sight of human being; nothing but the deep tones of the sea and the wind, the gallant chorus of the voiceful waves, and the melancholy cry of the sea-gulls as they wheel and dip and float round the old towers and down among the rocks where the tide is flowing in. And as we look round at the stalwart towers and grim walls by which we are surrounded we are quite sure that presently we shall see the drawbridge lowered and the portcullis raised to admit the giant, home after one of his forages for food, and that we shall watch him unload his pockets of his victims and set them down trembling before the great hearth, which is yet black with the fires that have gone out—never to be rekindled—oh! how many, many weary years ago!

But the drawbridge is always down now, and never requires to be raised, while the double set of portcullis-gratings never fall, and only show their teeth to us as we pass beneath, looking up with a shudder at the rusty, revengeful row of spikes, and recognising the wide gaps through which boiling lead was playfully poured from above on the heads of any unwelcome intruder; and we prefer to pause by the ladies' window, meditating on the bright eyes and lovely faces which were there before us, and whose owners spent peaceful lives in this chamber working great rolls of tapestry, and gazing down into the sea-locked valley—waiting for the return of the boats in which their lovers had sailed away, no doubt on marauding plans intent; and where they could see the sally-port, watching, as is ever the woman's part, while the giant and his followers went and came from the wide sea. For there were giants in those days, and this is a veritable giants' castle. Men lived here whose reputation and whose stature doubtless grew with the lapse of years, and by the aid of the gossips' tongues. And we learn from the brown-faced caretaker legends of the prowess of those times that we should like to



believe in, but that we cannot; but which have evidently left their own impression on the village, which still quakes at the hero's name. Albeit, now, their worst enemies are the jackdaws in the castle-towers, which forage in the wind-swept gardens and among the potato-fields, in mild emulation of the men whose forays were once the terror of the country-side, and who took by force all that was the desire of their eyes, be it whose it might be originally.

Better than hearing of those days of blood and tears is it to sit here, quietly listening only to the sound of the birds and the wind and the sea; making up our own stories, and gazing at the beautiful castle by which we are surrounded; at the smooth, green grass, once the castle bowling-green and now given over at times to the universal tennis-courts; at the vast tree of ivy, which clasps with its arms the great grey square towers, and which appears to promise eternal life for them as long as no separation tears them from its arms and casts the clinging ivy down; and at the old mews; and the so-called chapel, which has no trace whatever of church about it, and which, we think, is called a chapel to please the visitors, who somehow always demand to be shown the site of that, before they turn their eyes even to the bigger, handsome relics of what was once a banqueting-hall, and which is more ruinous than any other part; albeit there are remains of the musicians' gallery, which stood in front of the ladies' room, from which, we think, the finest view of all is to be obtained.

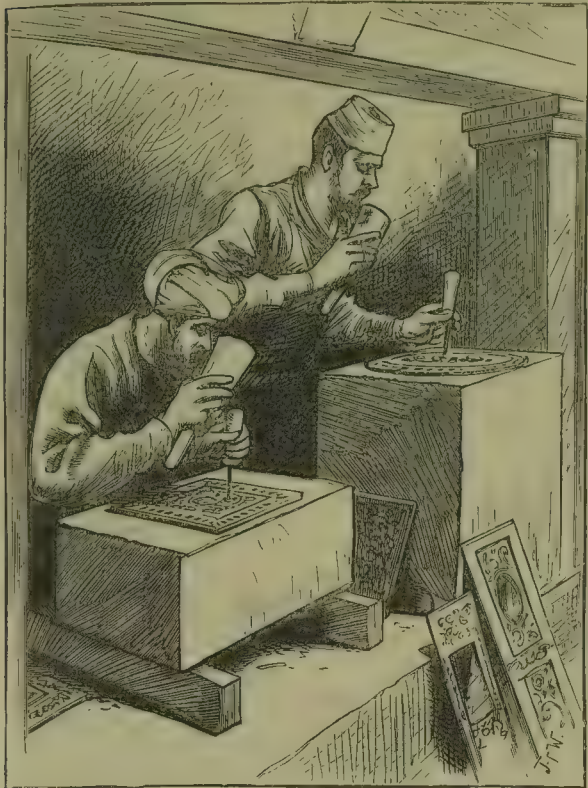
For from here we can look across the landward side of the valley to the curious, ugly, square, plastered church, with its squarer grey high tower, where the tomb of the builder of the castle is to be found; where the jackdaws build, too; and where the sea-gulls swoop and scream before the gathering of the storm; and we can see the grim cromlech on the side of the hill, and wonder why it was put there, making our own stories, as the caretaker has none to give us, of this especial theme.

Indeed, we have long dismissed the caretaker, and, sitting in one of the old Norman arched windows, prefer to hear nothing but the sounds around us; and we look out at the few white houses in the valley below the castle, which still nestle up against it as if it were yet powerful, and could defend them against the foes which in the good old times were always ready to swoop down upon them, and which made residence near the castle imperative—albeit at times, if all the stories told are true, they found the owners of the castle sometimes as bad to be with as the ever-expected enemies were supposed to be themselves; until we become more than ever thankful that long stretches of marvellous days of science have put an eternal barrier between us and those said excellent and venerable bygone years.

And yet it is impossible to feel they are quite parted from us, while we look down into the deep black dungeon, placed by some freak of irony below the flooring of the ladies' tower, where dank green moss clings to the wall, and where we require a light to see the great ring and rusted chain which



has often been clasped round strong men worsted in the fray and cast there to moulder into dust; and where we see the stone cauldron, with the relics of the furnace below, where the lead used to be melted before being carried for use to the chamber over the gate: and we cannot believe that these walls are unhaunted, or can ever be free from the souls of those whose



THE GLASGOW EXHIBITION: INDIAN WOOD-CARVERS AT WORK.

rough, wild sway kept the country-side in terror, and who, secure in their strength and in the strength of their castle, did only what was right and pleasant in their own eyes, and who knew only one law, and that one of their own making.

Nay, surely yonder sly and sombre jackdaw, whose head is on one side, and whose feathers are blown all one way, as he pauses on the low wall below there, ere he possesses himself of some tender morsel in the caretaker's garden, must be the present form of one of those venerable robbers!—and now he is meditating reprisals for all the hard things that she has said of him and of his race, members of which hang featherless, limp, and unpleasant, from the sparse bushes in her meagre inclosure;—and surely the soft, grey, wheeling, graceful sea-gulls, with their mournful cry and their wonderful flight, contain the souls of the watching owners of the ladies' bower, who seek for ever and ever those who went down to the sea in ships, and who never came home to the wind-swept creek and the grim castle, despite the great fires that once roared up the rude chimneys, despite the flood of ruddy light that flowed from the stone casements, and which was reflected in the sea—which, in those days, flowed almost at the castle-foot, and made it doubly impregnable—and the pert water-wagtail, which cannot make a straight line, and which struts hither and thither with any breeze that blows, is the present form of the pert ladies' maids who were for ever scuttling across the courtyard after the men-at-arms, whose quarters were in yonder square tower by the gate?

But the crimson sunset is beginning to flush over the sea; the caretaker jangles her bunch of keys and looks plaintively up at our tower; and, as we know the ghosts, which, after all, are companions to us, are real terrors to her, we descend from our perch and wend our way, looking back for a moment to see her rushing away to her white cottage in the valley, and to note how blood-red the sky looks through the empty windows of Blunderbore's great castle.

J. E. P.

At a meeting of the council of the National Rifle Association, held at their offices, Pall-mall, it was unanimously resolved: "That it is the opinion of the council that the most eligible



THE GLASGOW EXHIBITION: PEN-MAKING.

sites offered in substitution of Wimbledon are the Berkshire Downs and Cannock Chase; and it is resolved that, provided a freehold on the latter site can be acquired, further information be obtained with the view to arriving at a final decision between them." A special meeting of the council is to be held for the purpose of finally deciding as to the site.

## THE GLASGOW EXHIBITION ANTIQUARIAN COLLECTION

One of the most interesting structures in the Glasgow Exhibition grounds is the reproduction of the tower of the old Bishop's Castle or Palace, a building of the fifteenth century, which formerly stood near the cathedral, and was removed in 1792 to clear the site for the Infirmary. This tower was erected by Bishop Cameron, though other parts of the castle were two centuries older; it was surrounded by Archbishop Beaton with an embattled wall, 15 ft. high. Its position made its possession a matter of importance to the contending parties during the minority of James V., and in 1515 it was invested and captured from the English, who then held it. Almost immediately after, it was regained by the Duke of Albany, the Regent, who two years later relieved the garrison from a siege by a force under the Earl of Lennox. The next Archbishop, Dunbar, further strengthened the building, which underwent several more sieges and assaults, at intervals, up to near the close of the sixteenth century. For some time it was used as a prison, and then it was neglected and fell into decay. The latest occasion when it was put to practical use was in 1715, when Bishop Cameron's tower, which was almost the only portion intact, was the prison of 300 Highlanders. The accurate reproduction of this building does much credit to Mr. James Sellars, the architect; and our view, looking at it over the Kelvin, the small river that flows through Kelvin-grove Park and the Exhibition grounds, shows it in a favourable aspect.

The interior of the mimic "Bishop's Castle" is occupied by an extensive and valuable collection of Scottish relics, historical, antiquarian, personal, and literary, with specimens of art, ancient weapons, dress, and furniture, sufficient by itself to command close attention. Among the owners who, beside the Queen and the Prince of Wales, have contributed to this display are the Earl of Aberdeen, the Marquis of Ailsa, the Duke of Argyll, Lord Balfour of Burleigh, the Marquis of Breadalbane, the Marquis of Bute, Lord Donington, the Earl of Elgin, the Baroness Willoughby de Eresby, the Earl of Home, the Dowager Marchioness of Huntly, the Marquis of Lothian, the Marquis of Northampton, the Marquis of Tweeddale, Lord Verulam, a number of other ladies and gentlemen all over the country, and various corporations and learned societies. The total number of articles here displayed is 1546, embracing examples of the Early Period, the Early Scottish, the time of Mary Stuart, Scotland after the Union of the Crowns, and of the Jacobite period, besides articles pertaining to the Burgh of Glasgow, and to other Corporations, manuscripts of literary interest, portraits, and a variety of other things.

In the first section the visitor is carried back to prehistoric times by remains of great antiquity, discovered in many spots, such as stone hammers, axe-heads, hatchets, celts, cinerary urns and bones, millstones, spear-heads, bronze swords, Roman soldiers' camp kettles, coins, rings, and other ornaments, and numerous other ante-Christian relics. There are some "early Christian relics," including the "Bachuill More," the pastoral staff of St. Moloc, the immediate follower of St. Columba, who zealously laboured to introduce Christianity into Scotland in the seventh century. Of this relic it is stated that a family named Livingstone, living in the island of Lismore, which was the seat of the ancient bishopric of Argyll, were hereditary custodians of the staff, and enjoyed the freehold in virtue of the trust. Their lands, however, passed into the possession of the Duke of Argyll, by whom the staff is lent to the Exhibition.

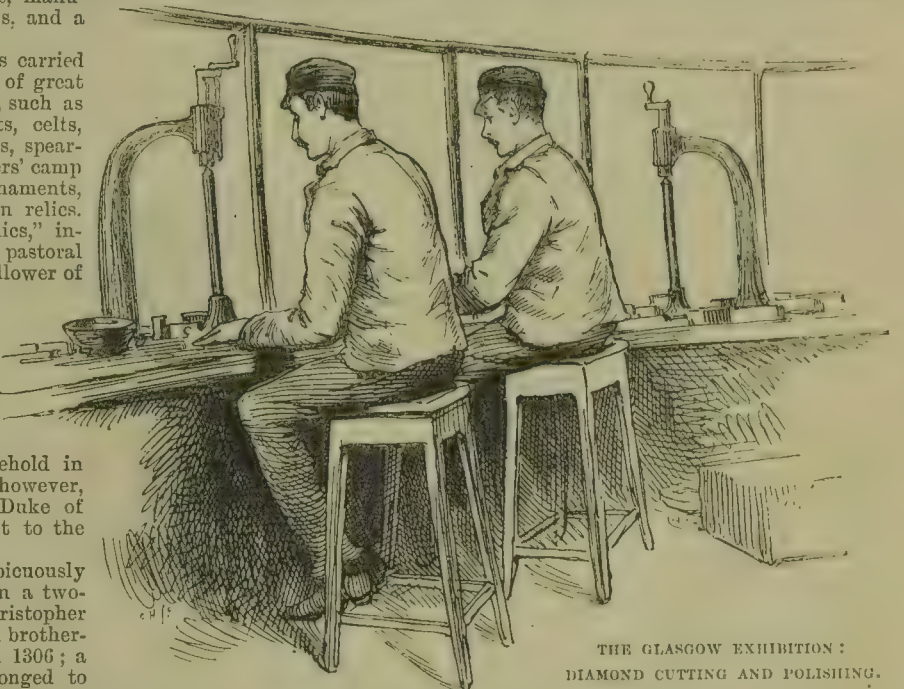
King Robert Bruce figures conspicuously in this collection. There are shown a two-handed sword with which Sir Christopher Seton defended Bruce, his King and brother-in-law, at the battle of Methven, in 1306; a similar weapon, said to have belonged to Bruce; a sword which the King gave on his death-bed to Sir James Douglas; with his spurs, stirrups, and battle-axe. There is the Brooch of Lorne, which the King is said to have worn to fasten his plaid. It was for a long period preserved at Dunolly Castle by the Lords of Lorne, but it disappeared in the seventeenth century, when the castle was burned by the McNeils, assisted by the Campbells of Bar Gleann. The latter were supposed to have carried off the brooch, and, although this family never admitted its possession, they are reported to have sold it as late as 1822. Soon after it was found in a jeweller's window by General Campbell, who at once purchased it and presented it to its hereditary owner. The brooch was worn by Captain McDougall of Lorne, who commanded the Royal barge in which the Queen and the Prince Consort sailed up the Tay when they were visiting the Marquis of Breadalbane at Taymouth Castle in 1842; and her Majesty examined it with great interest.

The relics of "Mary, Queen of Scots," the unfortunate Mary Stuart, are very numerous. Among them is the "Blair's College Portrait," which originally was the property of Elizabeth Curle (one of Mary's attendants at her execution) and was presented by her to the Scots' College at Douai, where her brother was a professor. At the breaking out of the French Revolution the inmates of the College were obliged to fly, and the portrait was taken out of its frame and hidden in a chimney, which was then built up. In 1811 it was taken from its hiding-place and sent to the Scotch Benedictine Convent in Paris, whence, in 1830, it was taken to Scotland by Bishop Patison and placed in Blair's College. It is recognised as one of the very few authentic portraits of the unfortunate young Queen, and is understood to have been painted by Amyas Cawood, from a drawing made during the Queen's lifetime, after Elizabeth and Jane Curle returned to France. There are several of the

Queen's watches, cameos, and rings; a gold-enamel crucifix which she used during her imprisonment in Fotheringhay Castle, the Prayer-book she held in her hands at her execution, some samples of tapestry worked while she was in Loch Leven Castle, her workbox and escritoire, and many other personal possessions. To this collection her Majesty graciously contributes a number of relics; including a tortoise-shell cabinet which belonged to Mary, and was bequeathed by Lord Belhaven and Stenton to our Queen, with a request that it should be preserved either at Windsor or Holyrood; a lock of Mary's hair, bequeathed in the same manner; a purse sewed by Mary, also bequeathed to the Queen by Lord Belhaven; a full-length engraving of Queen Mary, by Hagenburg; an engraving of Mary and Darnley, by Elstracke; a replica in oils of the Blair's College portrait, a portrait of Lord Darnley and his brother, and an old drawing, believed to represent the trial of Mary. On the other hand, there are relics of John Knox, and of the Covenanters.

The collection of memorials of the "Jacobite Period" consists largely of medals and medallions, representing various events, such as the birth of King James in 1688, the reception of James II. by Louis XIV. in 1689, the escape of Princess Clementina from Innspruck in 1719, the marriage of James III. to Princess Clementina, and other scenes. The Prince of Wales lends a ring with a miniature portrait on ivory of Prince Charles Edward Stuart, said to have been worn by him, and presented to his Royal Highness by the Duchess of Gordon; and also a pair of pocket pistols, silver-mounted and inlaid with gold, formerly belonging to Prince Charles, and also presented by the Duchess of Gordon. Portraits of "Prince Charlie" and Flora Macdonald, letters from the Prince, drinking-cups, rings, and other personal ornaments; a small MS. of music, which, when folded in a particular manner, conveyed a warning to the Prince, "Conceal yourself; your foes look for you"; Flora Macdonald's wedding-ring; and other curiosities, are found in this collection.

Original letters, and manuscripts of some of the works, of Robert Burns and Sir Walter Scott, constitute the most attractive part of the literary collection. The Burns manuscripts include those of "The Whistle," "The Author's Earnest Cry and Prayer," "The Holy Fair," "The Wounded Hare," and "The Cottar's Saturday Night," "The Two Dogs," and "Scotch Drink"—these last being lent by the Irvine Burns Club. With these are Burns's rod and sword-stick, and, more interesting still, the identical whistle which prompted his poem bearing that title. This is a small

THE GLASGOW EXHIBITION:  
DIAMOND CUTTING AND POLISHING.

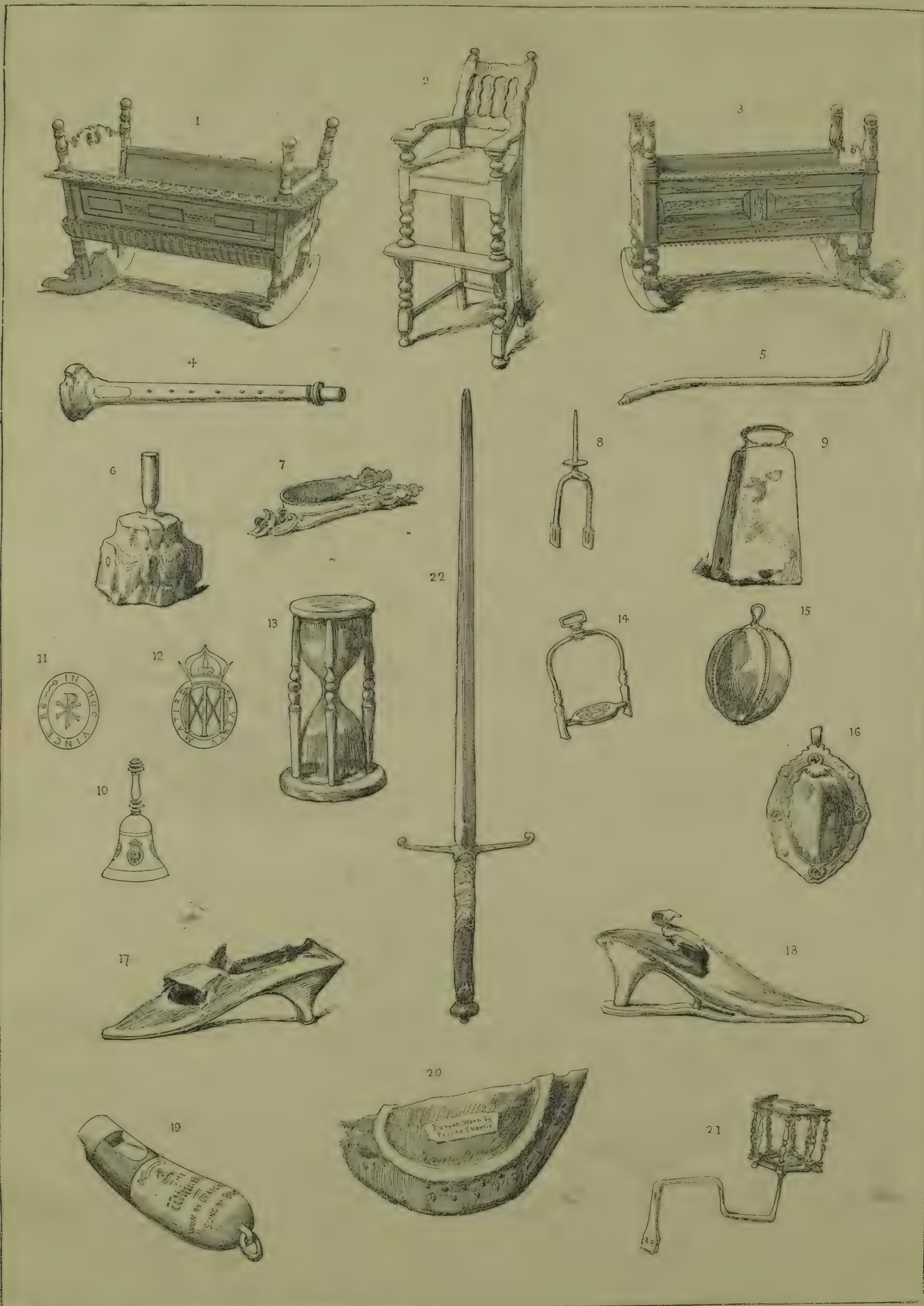
ebony whistle which was brought to Scotland by a Danish gentleman in the suite of Anne of Denmark, wife of James VI. of Scotland. That gentleman claimed to have won and kept the trophy at all the Courts of Europe, where it was the prize in the drinking-bouts, the person last able to blow the whistle being the winner. In a contest in Scotland it was won from its owner by Sir Robert Laurie, of Maxwellton, father of "Annie Laurie." The contest at which Burns was present was in 1776, between a descendant of Sir Robert Laurie and two other gentlemen, to one of whom, Mr. Alexander, of Craigdarroch, Burns, as umpire, awarded it. This curious relic is lent by Captain R. C. Ferguson, to whom it descended. Among the Scott exhibits is "Old Mortality's" mallet, which he used in repairing the martyrs' tombstones. This mallet was presented to Mr. Joseph Train by Mr. Robert Patterson, of Balmacellellan, a son of "Old Mortality." There is an autograph letter relating facts of the history of that personage.

### PEASANTS' LAND BANKS IN POLAND.

A report just published from the British Consul-General at Warsaw contains the translation of a new law extending, with certain alterations, the scheme of peasants' land banks, established in Russia since 1882, to the Kingdom of Poland. Under it peasants of Russian, Polish, or Lithuanian extraction may, with the approval of the local commissioner for peasants' affairs, obtain loans for the purchase of lands which do not belong to peasants, and which are not burdened with onerous servitudes, such loans not to exceed 90 per cent of the valuation made by the officers of the bank. In Russia proper the maximum is 75 per cent, and in the case of Poland the additional 15 per cent is to come from a special fund instituted for that country in 1860 to free peasants from dependence on the landlords. The balance of that fund, which amounts now to 2,000,000 roubles, is to be handed over to the land bank. The land purchased in this way cannot be sold until the debt to the bank is cleared off; nor can persons who are not peasants under the definition of law become purchasers or owners by inheritance or gift. In either of the latter cases the disqualified person into whose possession the land may come is bound to sell within a year. The limit of allotments is 8 1-5 acres.

It was announced at Shoeburyness on Aug. 23 that the 1st Glamorganshire (second and third detachments) had taken first prize in the Repository competition, the second falling to the 2nd Durham (third and fourth detachments), and the third to the 4th Durham (third and fourth detachments), certificates of merit being given to the 2nd Durham (first and second detachments) and the 8th Lancashire (third and fourth detachments). The 1st Glamorgan (second and third detachments) took the badges and challenge cup.





1. Oaken Cradle of King James VI.  
2. Nursery Chair of King James VI.  
3. Carvel Oaken Cradle of Mary Queen of Scots.  
4. The "Feadan Dubh," or Black Chanter, of Bag-pipes of the Clan Chattan.  
5. The "Bachuil More," or Crozier, of St. Moloc.  
6. "Old Mortality's" Mell or Mallet.

7. One of a Pair of Silver Spurs belonging to King Robert Bruce.  
8. One of another Pair of Spurs belonging to him.  
9. The "Bulldhean" or Bell of St. Fillan.  
10. Queen Mary Stuart's Hand-bell.  
11 and 12. Emblems and Inscriptions on Queen Mary's Bell.

13. Sand-glass used by John Knox when Preaching.  
14. A Stirrup of King Robert Bruce.  
15. The "Cloch Dearg," or Charm-stone, of Ard-votrich.  
16. The Glenorchy Charm-stone of Breadalbane.  
17. One of Queen Mary Stuart's Shoes.  
18. Shoe belonging to Queen Mary of Lorraine.

19. The Whistle, to be won by the man of a drinking-party who could sound it latest in their potations: sung by Burns.  
20. Bonnet or Cap worn by Prince Charles Edward Stuart in 1745.  
21. Stand to fix Hour-glass on John Knox's Pulpit.  
22. Sword of King Robert Bruce.



## THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO GLASGOW.



THE GLASGOW EXHIBITION: INDIAN SECTION.



THE GLASGOW EXHIBITION: SHETLAND AND FAIR ISLE KNITTERS.

The city of Glasgow, the greatest in population of the provincial cities of the United Kingdom, and one of the greatest in trade and industry, was honoured by her Majesty the Queen, on Wednesday, Aug. 22, with a gracious visit which was performed under the most gratifying conditions, favoured by fine summer weather, and attended with the customary tokens of a public festive welcome sustained by the cordial enthusiasm of a loyal Scottish population. The Queen, who had not been at Glasgow since 1849, when she was accompanied by her lamented husband, the Prince Consort, had now two special purposes in view there; namely, first to perform the ceremony of opening the new Municipal Buildings lately erected in George-square for the City Corporation; and secondly, to inspect the Great International Exhibition of this year, held in the grounds adjacent to Kelvingrove Park, at the west end of the city. The President of this Exhibition, Sir Archibald Campbell, Bart., M.P., of Blythswood, which mansion is at Renfrew, about eight miles from Glasgow, was the host of her Majesty during the two or three days of her sojourn in the neighbourhood, and conducted the official reception of her Majesty at the Exhibition. The Lord Provost of Glasgow, Sir James King, at the head of the Magistrates and Council of that city and "Royal Burgh," did the honours of the Municipal Corporation. These gentlemen, with all the official persons, managers of the Exhibition, citizens, and members of the Scottish nobility and gentry, who bore part in the proceedings, and with the people of Glasgow and of the neighbouring towns, may be congratulated on the success of the arrangements, and on the agreeable impression produced by the Queen's visit.

Her Majesty, accompanied by her daughter, Princess Henry of Battenberg (Princess Beatrice), and the Grand Duke of Hesse, with his son, the Hereditary Grand Duke, and Princess Alice of Hesse (the Queen's grandchildren), had travelled during the night from Osborne, Isle of Wight, to Renfrew, arriving at Blythswood in the morning at half-past eight on Wednesday, the 22nd. Prince Henry of Battenberg had gone to Scotland by sea, and was there to meet the Queen and Princess on their arrival, in company with Sir Archibald Campbell; Sir M. Shaw Stewart, Lord Lieutenant of Renfrewshire; Mr. H. J. Moncrieff, Sheriff of the county; Major-General Lytton Annesley, Commander of the Forces in Scotland; and Provost Wright, of Renfrew, who were presented to the Queen. Her Majesty was dressed in black, and looked exceedingly well as she smilingly acknowledged the welcome of the bystanders. The Queen took her seat in a landau, in which also sat Princess Beatrice, Prince Henry of Battenberg, and the Duchess of Buccleuch, the Lady-in-Waiting; and the carriage, attended by outriders, made its way to Blythswood, followed by a procession of vehicles carrying other guests of Sir Archibald Campbell.

The Royal visitors left Blythswood for Glasgow at three o'clock. Before entering the railway-station a brief halt was made at the Municipal Buildings, Renfrew, and her Majesty was presented with an address by the Town Council. The Queen handed her reply to the Provost. It was in the following words:—

It affords me much pleasure to have this opportunity of visiting a Royal Burgh so closely connected with the ancient history of my kingdom in Scotland, and of seeing a district which has done so much in modern times for the prosperity of the United Kingdom.

The journey was resumed, and St. Enoch Station was reached at ten minutes past four o'clock. Here elaborate preparations had been made for the reception. The station is the terminus of the Glasgow and South-Western Railway, and the spacious interior and also the extensive square readily lend themselves to the art of the decorator. The immense arch of the station was draped with flowing curtains and enlivened with wreaths of evergreens and flowers. The ornate fronts of the station and hotel were brilliant with colour. Around and over the entrance to the latter, palms and shrubs were massed in great abundance. From the first and third floors draperies of crimson and yellow were hung. Along the whole length of the second floor, where the ornamentation was orange edged with red, trophies and shields were disposed at intervals, and all the balconies were bright with foliage. Flags waved from the dormer windows on the roof, and the Royal standard was hoisted on the staff of the tower surmounting the whole building.

The Highland troops, forming a guard of honour at the station, received her Majesty with a Royal salute. The Marquis of Lothian, being Secretary for Scotland, presented Sir James and Lady King, Lord Hamilton of Dalzell, Vice-Lieutenant of Lanarkshire, Sheriff-Principal Berry, Dr. Marwick, and Major-General Annesley. The Queen had been given a bouquet by Miss White, of Renfrew, and Lady King now offered another, the Lord Provost tendering an equally beautiful gift of orchids to Princess Beatrice.

The Royal party then walked across the platform, which was laid with crimson cloth, to the carriages in waiting at the south-west corner of the station. Headed by an escort of the



ROTHESAY CASTLE, ISLE OF BUTE, FROM A SKETCH MADE IN 1840.



15th Hussars, the Royal pageant departed from the station, and proceeded amidst the hearty cheers of the people to the new Municipal Buildings, going by way of St. Enoch's-square, up Buchanan-street, along St. Vincent-place, to the front entrance of the Municipal Buildings in George-square.

On this part of the route the decorations were very fine. The opening from St. Enoch's-square into Argyle-street was spanned by the first triumphal arch, shaped and painted so as to imitate a structure of freestone. It was surmounted by a Royal crown. The somewhat sombre appearance of the arch itself was relieved by flowing draperies of rich crimson, looped with orange. Looking up Buchanan-street, the eye was almost dazzled by the profusion of gorgeous colours. Flowing stripes of variegated material, and flags of almost every nationality, hung down the fronts of the handsome buildings or waved across the fashionable and busy thoroughfare. The east end of Sauchiehall-street was conspicuous also by the richness and the taste of its display. A long avenue of Venetian masts, rising from tufts of foliage, led up to the triumphal arch, which stood at the highest point of the street, near the Corporation Galleries. Along the line wreaths and streamers filled the spaces between the masts, while strings of artificial roses stretched from side to side, presenting from a distance the appearance of a light roof of pink and white. The triumphal arch was most elegant; its piers were shaped into niches, lined with crimson and filled with palms and towering shrubs. The arch itself was of trellis-work, filled out with verdure, and relieved by masses of flowers. Beyond this the decorations were continued to Kelvin-grove Park.

At the entrance to George-square another triumphal arch, similar to the first in general effect, had been erected. The square itself, which had been kept clear, presented a very effective scene. Three sides of it were lined with gold-tipped Venetian masts, adorned with flags and wreaths. The frontages of all the buildings on these three sides were decked with coloured hangings, while in striking contrast the new Municipal Buildings were unadorned, save by the Royal Standard, which waved over the porch. The bright green square of lawn, with the beds of bright fresh flowers, came as a pleasant relief to the eye. The Municipal Buildings, the foundation-stone of which was laid five years ago, had been completed externally for some time. They were constructed from the designs of Mr. W. Young, architect, London, and standing on one of the finest sites in the city, are in every way worthy of their position. They occupy the entire eastern side of the square. Within the square, the equestrian statues of the Queen and Prince Albert were effectively decorated. The tops of the pedestals were trimmed with heather, and at the corners were shields bearing the arms of England, Ireland, Wales, and Scotland. Surrounding the bases were banks of flowers and rare plants. As the Royal procession drove through the square the greatest enthusiasm prevailed among the spectators who had the pleasure of witnessing the procession both going and returning.

The proceedings at the Municipal Buildings were brief, her Majesty's stay being only for about ten minutes. On arriving at the grand entrance the Queen was presented by the Lord Provost, Sir James King, with a gold key, and with the following address, which was read by Dr. Marwick, the Town Clerk:—

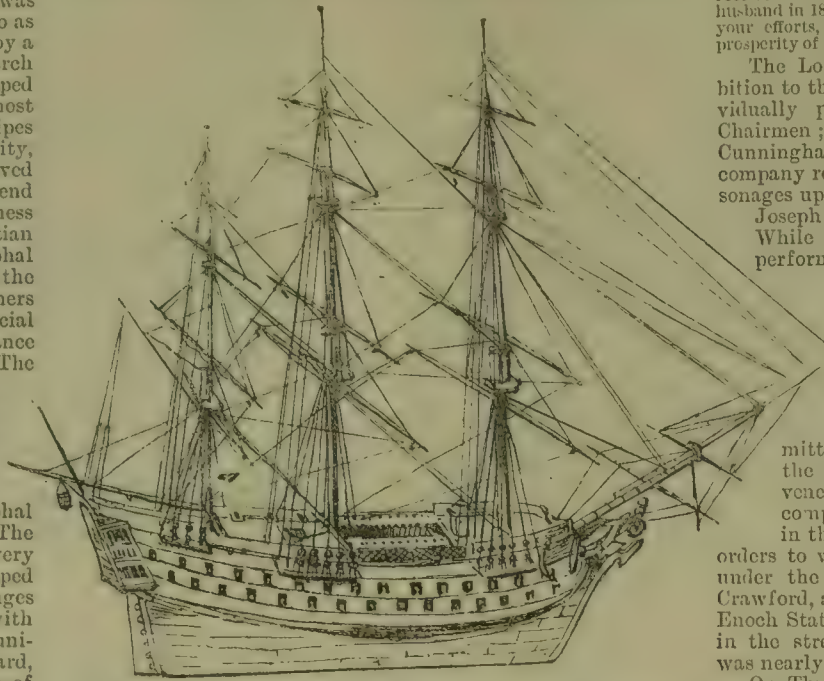
May it please your Majesty,—We, the Lord Provost, Magistrates, and Council of the city and Royal burgh of Glasgow, desire, for ourselves and the community we represent, to offer your Majesty the renewed expression of our loyalty and devotion to your Majesty's person, throne, and family, and the assurance of our grateful appreciation of the distinguished honour you have done the city in consenting to inaugurate its Municipal Buildings and to visit the Industrial Exhibition now being held here. Since the consecration of the Cathedral and the foundation of the burgh in the twelfth century, Glasgow has received frequent visits from the Scottish Sovereigns. The saintly King David I. frequented the consecration of the Cathedral; King James II. and King James III. often visited the city. Both the last-named Sovereigns were Canons of the Cathedral, and conferred upon the See and the burgh signal marks of Royal favour. Queen Mary resided in Glasgow for a few days, and it was twice visited by King James VI. These Royal recognitions have been frequently renewed during your Majesty's auspicious reign. The city was honoured and gratified by a visit from your Majesty and the Prince Consort in 1849; and ten years later your Majesty was graciously pleased to open the works by which the city received the water supply which it has since drawn from Loch Katrine. Since then, Glasgow has been honoured by the presence of members of the Royal family on several occasions—in the unveiling of the statue of the lamented Prince Consort; in the laying of the foundation-stones of the University Buildings and General Post Office; and, three months since, in the opening of the Exhibition which your Majesty is now about to visit. Of these repeated evidences of favour the citizens are deeply sensible, and they have sought to connect their Municipal Buildings with your Majesty's Jubilee, so as to give permanent expression to the admiration and love with which your Majesty is regarded here. The structure will, we trust, long remain a memorial of a reign unexampled in the magnitude and far-reaching issues of the events comprised within it; in the public and private virtues of the Sovereign; and in the perfect sympathy which exists between the Crown and the people. Given in the name and on behalf of the Lord Provost, Magistrates, and Council of the city and Royal burgh of Glasgow, and the seal of the city affixed hereto, this 22nd day of August, 1883.—JAMES KING, Lord Provost; J. D. MARWICK, Town Clerk.

The gold casket containing the address having been handed to the Queen, her Majesty read the following reply:—

I thank you most sincerely for your renewed assurance of attachment to my throne and person. I am deeply touched by your reference to my previous visit to Glasgow, when I was accompanied by my beloved husband. I gladly inaugurate these noble Municipal Buildings, which are worthy of the ancient renown and modern prosperity of your great city.

The Lord Provost then presented the Magistrates and leading officials of the Corporation, after which her Majesty drove out of the quadrangle, and proceeded to the International Exhibition. Along the route to Kelvin-grove Park, vast multitudes of people were assembled, who hailed the Queen's appearance with immense cheering. Another triumphal arch near the Lord Provost's residence formed an entrance to the park. It was in the Oriental style of the Exhibition building. At the grand entrance to the Exhibition, a portico, tastefully adorned with wreaths and flowers, and covered with broad stripes of alternate red and white, had been constructed. Prominent over the entrance the Imperial arms were to be seen; those of Scotland, Ireland, and the Colonies were ranged on either side. The whole was surmounted by the Royal crown of England. Inside the building the original draperies had been replaced by elegant festoons of blue material, which greatly added to the effect of the elaborate frieze. At the west end of the hall, on the site before occupied by the colossal statue of Robert Burns, a Royal dais had been erected. Four broad low steps led to the throne, which was a richly designed seat, flanked by lions and displaying the Royal arms of England. The canopy, rising to a height of above thirty feet, was supported by light pillars and surmounted by a gilded dome and Royal crown. Curtains extended on each side of the canopy across the dais. All the

draperies were of Royal purple, with gold fringe. The wood-work was ivory coloured and gilt. On the top were shields bearing the arms of India, Canada, Australia, and South Africa. Behind the Queen's chair was a floral shield bearing the letters V.R. The chairs were upholstered in ivory satin. The Royal Archers, the Queen's Scottish Body-Guard, under



THE GLASGOW EXHIBITION: MODEL OF 74-GUN FRIGATE, MADE OF BONE BY A FRENCH PRISONER OF WAR.

command of the Duke of Buccleuch and the Earl of Stair, formed a guard of honour. The Seaforth Highlanders stood on guard behind them.

Sir Archibald Campbell, President of the Executive Committee, the Vice-Chairman, and the conveners of the Committee received her Majesty at the Exhibition. The Royal party passed through the main avenue to the dais in the Grand Hall, the National Anthem being performed by the Choral Union, bands, and organ. The Royal procession was headed by Sir Donald Matheson and Col. Clark, marshals, the General Manager, Secretary, and Architect of the Exhibition, the Vice-Chairman, the Duke of Montrose, the Marquis of Breadalbane, the Earl of Stair, and the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, in the capacity of Vice-Presidents. Then came the Equerries-in-Waiting; then Sir A. Campbell and Sir James King; and then the Queen, walking very slowly, side by side with the Grand Duke of Hesse, the rest of the Royal family coming behind. The household followed, and the next in order were the conveners of the Women's Industry Section, Lady King, Lady Campbell, and the Duchess of Abercorn. Committees in numerous array and the executive staff brought up the rear of the procession. The National Anthem having been sung, Sir Archibald Campbell, as President, read an address from the Executive Council of the Exhibition. Of this the following extract may be quoted:—

It is impossible for us to talk of the present Exhibition without remembering that, in common with all preceding exhibitions that have been held within the realm under the beneficent sway of your Majesty, it owes its origin to the Great Exhibition initiated, and so successfully carried out in 1851, by the lamented Prince Consort, whose ennobling idea and warmest aspiration it was, by bringing nations and communities into friendly competition with one another in arts and manufactures, to secure the blessings and the benefits inseparable from the promotion of peace and goodwill among mankind. Will your Majesty permit us to advert for a moment to the signal success with which the present Exhibition has

The Queen, in an unusually low tone of voice, read a reply in the following words:—

It is with the utmost gratification that I receive the loyal and dutiful address which you have just presented, and I am greatly pleased by the warm manner in which I have been welcomed by the vast community of this great city. I am deeply sensible of the advantages which the manufacturing and commercial interests of the whole civilised world have received from these exhibitions, which were first organised by my beloved husband in 1851. I rejoice in the well-deserved success which has crowned your efforts, and I heartily offer you my best wishes for the continued prosperity of this great undertaking.

The Lord Provost handed the official badge of the Exhibition to the Queen, and the following gentlemen were individually presented:—Messrs. Dickson and Shearer, Vice-Chairmen; Mr. H. Anthony Hedley, General Manager; Colonel Cunningham, Secretary; and Mr. Sellars, Architect. All the company resuming their seats in imitation of the Royal personages upon the dais, the "Song of Praise," composed by Mr. Joseph Bradley, followed by "Auld Lang Syne," were sung.

While a selection of Scottish national airs was being performed, her Majesty and the Royal party, accompanied by Sir Archibald and Lady Campbell, Sir James and Lady King, and the Duchess of Abercorn, proceeded by the north-west tower of the grand hall to the Women's Art and Industry Section, and inspected first the Irish, then the Scotch, and then the English and Welsh Sections. Her Majesty was received in the Irish Section by the Duchess of Abercorn and the Irish Committee, and in the other sections by Lady Campbell and the Central Committee. In each section the Lady Convener presented the officials of the section. The ladies composing the committees were presented to her Majesty in their respective sections. These ladies had received orders to wear black. The Art Galleries were next visited, under the guidance of Mr. Francis Powell and Mr. Robert Crawford, and lastly the Artisan Section. The return to St. Enoch Station was a repetition of the popular demonstration in the streets; and travelling, as before, by special train, it was nearly dusk when the Queen reached Blythswood.

On Thursday, Aug. 23, her Majesty visited the prosperous manufacturing town of Paisley, which celebrated on that day the four hundredth anniversary of its municipal charter, granted by King James IV. of Scotland in 1488. The Queen, with Princess Beatrice, and with the Grand Duke of Hesse and his son and daughter, drove from Blythswood to Paisley, between five and six o'clock. At the Town Hall, an address from the Corporation was presented by Provost Cochrane, to which her Majesty made a gracious reply. Earlier in the day, Princess Beatrice, with her husband Prince Henry of Battenberg, went in the Royal yacht Victoria and Albert up the Clyde to Govan, where her Royal Highness performed the ceremony of launching the Marathon, a new armed cruiser for the Royal Navy, built at the Fairfield Shipbuilding and Engineering Works, under the direction of Sir William Pearce.

On Friday, Aug. 24, the Queen again visited the Glasgow Exhibition, also the University of Glasgow, and Queen Margaret's College for Ladies, before her departure to Balmoral. A baronetcy has been conferred on the Lord Provost of Glasgow, and the Town Clerk has been knighted.

The Exhibition itself, apart from the Queen's visit, has already been described. We give some additional illustrations: the View from under the Central Dome; that of the Main Avenue, looking west; the Indian Section, with the wood-carvers; the women and girls from Shetland and Fair Isle, at work knitting; and one or two manufacturing processes. The Indian Section occupies the courts numbered 32, 33, and 34, where are gathered manufactures from every part of India: carpets, rugs, jewellery, silk, wool, and cotton fabrics; wood-carving and lacquered work, metal work, pottery, glass and leather work. Some of these articles have been purchased with the funds provided by the Exhibition authorities; the rest have been forwarded by private parties for exhibition and sale. An Oriental aspect is given to these courts by the erection of model structures, representing temples, pagodas, &c. The wall-space above the stalls is hung with gorgeously coloured carpets from the Eastern looms. To the west of Court 34, a small space has been fitted up to resemble an Indian bazaar, where native workmen may be seen plying their trades as jewellers, wood-carvers, potters, and makers of sweetmeats, with their own primitive tools. In the general Exhibition, Class XVIII., that of jewellery, in the main avenue, the Diamond-Cutting Company (Limited), of London, show the process of cutting and polishing Indian, South African, Brazilian, Australian, and other diamonds by special machinery. Among the illustrations that we gave last week were those of the making of black-lead pencils and pen-holders, exhibited by Messrs. R. Wilson and Co., of Keswick, Cumberland.

The decorations of St. Enoch's railway-station and hotel at Glasgow, those of the mansion of the Lord Provost, and of other public and private buildings, were provided by Messrs. J. Defries and Sons, of Houndsditch, London.

The members of the Middlesex Natural History Society assembled recently, at Edgware, under the directorship of Mr. Sydney T. Klein, and proceeded through the town of Edgware to the old church at Whitechurch, where the Rector fully explained the many objects of interest. Canons Park, formerly the seat of the Duke of Chandos, was also visited, Brookley Hill being reached by the old Roman road of Watling-street, where the site of the Roman town of Sulloniacae was inspected. The members were then taken through private grounds to examine the obelisk of Cassivelanunus, a Roman encampment, two ancient barrows (one in course of being opened), and a facsimile of Rousseau's Tomb; afterwards crossing Bushey-heath to the residence of Mr. Sydney T. Klein at Stanmore, by whom all the members were hospitably entertained.

Miss Edith Woodworth's Buttercup and Daisy Fund has proved highly successful. Over 300 sick children, collected from some of the poorest districts of London, have been sent into the country for two weeks by the aid of the fund. One hundred and thirty have gone to Salisbury, seventy to Dean, thirty-five to East Grinstead, twenty-five to Godalming, and many others to Halstead, Caterham, West Brighton, and Broadstairs. The fund pays for the return fares of the children and for their entire keep for the fortnight. This result has been mainly obtained through the performance of "Frou-Frou," given at the Globe Theatre on July 26, by Mr. Edgar Bruce and Miss Woodworth, with the kind assistance of the artistes who appeared on that occasion; but Miss Woodworth has also to thank many friends for their donations.



THE GLASGOW EXHIBITION: THE CENTRAL AVENUE, LOOKING WEST.

been honoured? It has now been open for nearly four months, and during that period has been visited by upwards of two millions and a half of people from your Majesty's wide empire, both home and colonial, besides great numbers from the Continent of Europe and the United States of America, all attracted by a display of some of the noblest productions in every department of science and art and of manufactures, and which, we believe, none have had an opportunity of seeing without expressions of the warmest admiration. We now respectfully submit for your Majesty's inspection some of the principal features and contents of the Exhibition, and express our grateful sense of the distinguished honour which your Majesty is now conferring upon this city and the Exhibition. We earnestly pray that your Majesty may long be spared to reign over a happy and united people.



## ROTHESAY CASTLE AND THE CLYDE.

Our View of Rothesay Castle, from a sketch made in 1846 by Mr. W. Simpson, belongs to the series of illustrations of "The Clyde, Past and Present." Rothesay Castle is supposed to have been first erected in 1093, by Magnus Barefoot, King of Norway, as a stronghold when he was bent on the conquest of the Western Isles of Scotland. Its first plan was that of a great circular wall, 140 feet in diameter, with four projecting round towers. About the middle of the fourteenth century, King Robert II. added a palace to the original construction, and he is supposed to have built the chapel of St. Michael, which is now only a ruin within the walls. Over the principal entrance to the palace, in a panel, are the Royal Arms of Scotland. The Prince of Wales derives from this place his title of Duke of Rothesay, the eldest son of the Kings of Scotland having that title in former times. This old castle was left in ruins when burned in 1685, and the interior was a mass overgrown with shrubs and weeds. In 1874, the Marquis of Bute, who is hereditary keeper, took charge of the place, and since then it has been well looked after. It is an interesting specimen of the baronial architecture of the period to which it belongs. The island of Bute is noted for its mild climate; it is the Isle of Wight of Scotland, and consumptive patients take advantage of its salubrity. There is on Loch Fad a small residence still known as "Kean's Cottage," where Edmund Kean, the actor, stayed for some time. The views of Arran and the Firth of Clyde are very fine as seen from Barone Hill and other heights in the island.

The view down the Clyde from near Kilpatrick, of which the same Artist gives a Sketch, is one of the most noted views on the river. It shows the Forth and Clyde Canal, which ends at Bowling. Beyond Bowling is Dumglass, and the hill of Dumbuck towers high above; Dumbarton Rock stands out alone, and marks pretty nearly where the Clyde ceases to be a river and becomes a firth. In the distance are the mountains of Argyshire; on the south side of the river is Blantyre House. Adjacent to Kilpatrick are the populous villages of Dalmuir and Kilbowie, with some important factories. One of these is the vast establishment of the Singer Sewing-Machine Company, covering twenty-two acres. These works, capable of producing 10,000 sewing-machines in a week, give employment, when business is good, to four or five thousand hands. They have a steam-whistle that can be heard at Paisley, five miles distant. The managers considerably stopped this whistle during the Queen's sojourn at Blythswood.

## THE HIGH COMMISSIONERSHIP IN SOUTH AFRICA.

A Blue-book has been published containing the "Correspondence relating to the High Commissionership in South Africa and its Separation from the Governorship of the Cape," together with a sketch-map of South Africa from the Zambesi to Cape l'Agulhas.

The Rev. John Mackenzie, in a long communication to the Colonial Office, urges the necessity for the separation of the office of High Commissioner, discharging Imperial or general functions, from that of Governor of the Cape Colony, discharging local and special functions. He says:—"The business proper to the High Commissioner at once would be, firstly, the correspondence with the Free State, Transvaal, Natal, and Cape Colony on border affairs in such cases as are now brought before the High Commissioner or the Special Commissioner for Zululand; secondly, the guidance of the administrators of Basutoland, Zululand, Swaziland, Pondoland, and Bechuanaland North and South. There is the loudest call for administration in each and all of these places. It is to our discredit that it has not been sooner supplied." These functions, he urges, cannot properly be fulfilled by the Governor of the Cape Colony. The Secretary of the Colonial Office, in acknowledging the receipt of Mr. Mackenzie's communication, says that he is not prepared to recommend the assumption by this country of the great amount of interference in, and direct responsibility for, the details of extra-Colonial affairs in South Africa which his letters appear to advocate. Sir Hercules Robinson, in a despatch to Lord Knutsford, gives his objections to the proposed changes, and encloses an extract from the leading article in the *Cape Times* of June 8, 1888, likewise adverse to the proposal. A minute of the Ministers to the Governor is given in which they say "the visible results of the present system are so good that it is scarcely too much to say they could not be better." Finally, the text of a question addressed to the Cape Premier on the subject is added, and a telegraphic despatch announcing that both Houses of Parliament had unanimously resolved that the separation of the offices would be fraught with danger to the future peace and welfare of South Africa.

## THE VOLUNTEERS.

The officers who have been appointed to command the nineteen brigades of infantry Volunteers under the home defence mobilisation scheme have received from the War Office a letter containing full instructions as to the duties they would have to perform in the event of a demand being made upon them. The "letter of service" is accompanied by a circular from Lord Wolseley, Adjutant-General, desiring the brigadier-generals to state suggestions for improving the efficiency and readiness of their brigades, and that they should keep in constant touch with the units composing their commands.

Lieutenant-Colonel Godwin Austen, of Shalford Park, has offered the National Rifle Association a site close to Guildford, lying between Pewley Hill and Chantry Downs, for the annual competition. Ranges up to 1000 yards can be obtained, and the site is said to be well screened, healthy, well drained, and within a few minutes' walk of Guildford Junction, where four lines of railway converge. It is about twenty-eight miles from London.

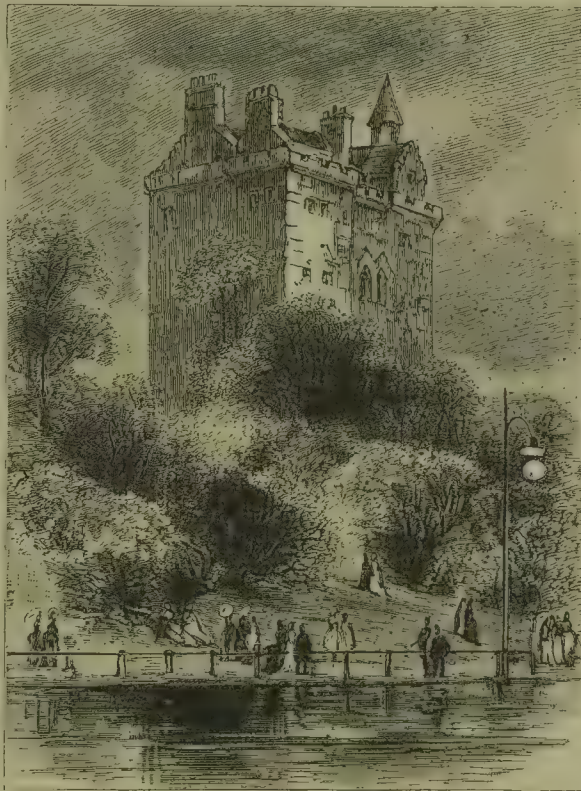
Several of the metropolitan Volunteer rifle regiments were engaged in competitive practice on Aug. 25 for a large and valuable list of prizes.

The Hon. Mrs. George Howard, of Castle Howard, Yorkshire, has offered a scholarship of £20 a year for three years, tenable at Aberdare Hall, to women students of the University College of South Wales and Monmouthshire, Cardiff. The scholarship will be awarded at the discretion of the executive committee of the Aberdare Hall.

From the annual accounts of the Chamberlain of the City of London relating to the coal and wine dues, Blackfriars Bridge, police, &c., we learn that the gross amount of duty on coals brought into the Port of London was £176,367; brought by railway conveyance, £220,045; by inland navigation, £418; and by road traffic, £586; total coal duty, £397,418; wine duty in the Port of London, £9573; grand total, £406,991. Of this, £328,798 was paid into the bank to the credit of the Metropolitan Board of Works to the account of the Thames Embankment and Metropolis Improvement Fund. The City Police Fund showed that the receipts for the year had been £131,512. The expenditure under the Sewers account had been £541,764. The City's duty on coals had been £176,630.

## THE "CLACH DEARG" OF ARDVORLICH.

Among the articles on view in the collection of Scottish antiquities that has been placed in the "Bishop's Castle" at the Glasgow Exhibition, one of those selected for our Illustrations is the once famous "Clach Dearg," a supposed medicinal charm-stone, lent by Colonel Stewart, of Ardvorlich, Loch Earn-head, Perthshire. This is a piece of clear rock crystal, almost round in shape, and about one and a half inches in diameter, placed in a setting of four silver bands or slips. It derives its name of "dearg," or red, from a pink tinge that comes over it in certain lights after it has been dipped in water. Though not mentioned in any of the family charters or papers, it has been treasured in the family of Ardvorlich as an heirloom for at least four hundred years, and of old was esteemed by their neighbours and followers as the peculiar token or badge of chieftainship over the Balquidder Clan of Stewart, to which branch of the Royal race the Ardvorlichs belong. According to tradition it is one of two famous medicinal stones which, as Nesbit records in his "History of Heraldry" (Vol. II., page 75), were brought over from the East, about the year 1450, by an ancestor of the Ardvorlichs, James Beg Stewart, who was grandson of Murdoch, Regent of Scotland and Duke of Albany. He, being involved in the misfortunes of all the Albany Stewarts of his day, during his exile from Scotland, took part in one of the later Crusades, from which he carried off as spoil these famous stones. This story is confirmed by the Oriental pattern of the setting. The Ardvorlich stone was very much esteemed as a sovereign remedy for several distempers incident to mankind, and very necessary for curing diseases in cattle. The other stone is said to have been given away as an extraordinary present by Alexander Stewart to one of the Earls of Moray. So lately as 1854, the "Clach Dearg" continued to be used for curing diseases in cattle, its efficacy as a remedy for human ills having fallen out of repute some time before. People came from far and near, sometimes from a distance of forty miles, to carry away the water in which the stone had been dipped. The way was for each applicant to draw the water, himself or herself, in a pitcher or bowl, which he solemnly presented either to the laird or lady, who with great ceremony and a muttered form of words like an incantation, stirred the stone thrice in the water, from left to right, holding it by the chain. The last "ledy" who performed the rite is said to



GLASGOW EXHIBITION: REPRODUCTION OF THE BISHOP'S CASTLE IN THE EXHIBITION GROUNDS.

have always accompanied the action with the words, repeated over and over again, "If it'll do nae gude, it'll do ye nae ill," which sounded quite oracular enough in the ears of the Gaelic-speaking devotees! The water was then put into a bottle and carried home; but, as its virtue was supposed to be lost if taken into any house on the way home, the bearer had to be careful not to cross any threshold till he reached the byre or bothy where his patient lay, whether cow, or stirk, or horse. The people always said that the "puir beastie," after tasting the sacred draught, immediately stood upon its legs and was healed of the disease. In 1851, when the laird who succeeded to Ardvorlich was in India, the "Clach Dearg" was put for safe keeping, along with the family plate, in the strong room of a bank, where it remained for so many years that the belief in its healing power is gone for ever.

A much desired amalgamation between the Sanitary Institute of Great Britain and the Parkes Museum has taken place, and the objects of the two societies will in future be carried on by "The Sanitary Institute."

A meeting of American officers, military and naval, now in England, was held on Aug. 25, at the residence of Colonel Gouraud, Norwood, when a resolution of condolence with the family of the late General Sheridan was passed. Several of the speakers, who had served under the late American commander, spoke in warm terms of his merits as an ideal soldier.

The annual prize-shooting contest of the Honourable Artillery Company was held on Aug. 24, and in the competition for the officers' prizes Sergeant Wood, in spite of a strong wind and changeable light, scored 98, being only seven below the highest possible. Private Chantler won the Prince of Wales's prize with a fine score, Private Brooking being first and Private Gilbert second, but both being disqualified as having previously won the prize. Private Brooking was awarded the prize given by the Fitzroy Lodge, and an oil painting presented by the artist, Sergeant W. S. Jay. The Duke of Portland's annual prize of fifteen guineas was awarded to Sergeant J. F. O'Connor Wood, for an aggregate of 186 points. Captain Bateman took the late Captain Jacob's memorial prize, with an aggregate of 175 points; the veterans' prizes were won by Private D. Payne, with an aggregate of 170 points; and Private Homer, with 162 points. The final shoot for the Championship of the Regiment resulted in the prize presented by the President of the Company being taken by Private Gilbert. Several Company competitions were also decided.

## DANDELION DOWN.

To-day, as I sit at an open window which looks on a pleasant meadow fringed with willows, marking the margin of the river, a dandelion seed has been wafted into the room by the summer breeze. The dandelion, familiar as it may be to everybody, is a flower which has locked up within its botanical history a very considerable meed of curious philosophy. I confess to possessing for that elegant flower, which is ordinarily and contemptuously named a "roadside weed," a high measure of respect. Primarily the dandelion is not one flower but many—a colony of strap-shaped blossoms, nestling cozily on the flattened top of the hollow flower-stalk. Pluck out one of those blossoms, and look at it narrowly by the aid of a pocket lens. There is the yellow strap, toothed at the top, and forming the corolla of the flower. Probably, once upon a time, when the dandelion blossoms were not packed so closely together (like human units themselves) this yellow strap was composed of distinct and separate petals. Its toothed or fringed margin would seem to indicate as much. Down below you see the down or silky hairs which represent the calyx of the flower, or the green outer part you see so distinctly in the rose, the strawberry (where it is double) or primrose. Here the calyx is a mass of flossy hairs, and discharges, as we shall see, a useful purpose in the after-glow of dandelion life. Below, the little flower forms a tube, and inside the tube are the seed-producing organs. The pistil, wherein the seeds are matured, is that delicate stalk you may perceive rising in the middle of the tube. It is divided in two at its tip, and the ends curl over. On these ends the pollen, or yellow fertilising dust you see so distinctly in larger flowers, will be placed, so as to ripen and fructify the ovules into seeds. Stamens, too, for producing the pollen, the little dandelion flower possesses, all united in a bunch around the stalk of the pistil. So that inside this apparently insignificant blossom, one of the hundred or two which make up the dandelion-head, you find all the parts of a perfect flower. Little wonder that this race of plants flourishes exceedingly and multiplies apace when you discover its colonial nature, and its compound constitution.

After the blossom comes the fruit, and the dandelion pistils ripen in due season. The yellow leaves wither away, because, having served as flags and ensigns to the insect-hosts, which carry the pollen from one flower to the other, their mission is past and over. Seed-time in dandelion history is well known. You behold the head of flowers converted into a perfect ball of downy hairs, and the children blow them off puff by puff to calculate the time of day, in the exercise of that popular mythology whereof childhood still retains many examples. What has happened, then, to the dandelion-head as its seed-time has dawned upon it? Chiefly this: the silky calyx has developed apace, and has come to form wings whereby the seeds are carried hither and thither by the winds. Not content with producing abundance of seeds, Madre Natura provides for their dispersion far and wide over the face of the earth. There is a wealth of wonderment to be obtained out of the study which begins with a roadside weed and merges into the great question of the diffusion of plant-life at large. The dandelion-seed, which the wind has wafted through the open window, speaks to us of ways and means of securing the propagation of the flowers by the cunning utilisation of the winds—just as in other plants the waters may bear the seeds to distant parts, or as others, again, employ animals to carry their progeny and to spread their kind broadcast. Indeed, from all we know about the dispersion of seeds, we are forced to conclude that the contrivance and ingenuity of Nature are nowhere more typically represented than in securing "fresh woods and pastures new" for the growth of plants. Even in our dandelion there is found a certain noteworthy feature which is typical of many kindred devices for ensuring the due perpetuation of the race. When the flowers are being fertilised the head stands erect and prominent among the vegetation of the highways. Then, when the seeds are ripening, the stalk is lowered, and the flower lies horizontal or bent towards the ground. This device secures the efficient maturing of the seeds, and, when all is ready, and the ripened pistils or "fruits" are prepared for dissemination, the flower-stalk rises erect once more, and each puff of wind carries off the seeds, borne through the air on their wings. "Thistledown," in this sense, is seen to be a structure with a great purpose at its back. These "airy nothings" of the child represent some of the means whereby this earth has become peopled and pastured with the fullness of vegetable growth.

The floating dandelion seed, however, is but the beginnings of thought in this direction, as I have said. When you stroll through the garden or by the wayside, note how herb-robert, by an ingenious catapult-arrangement, plays at "pitch and toss" with its seeds and scatters them abroad and around. If you come across a squirting cucumber anywhere in the south of Europe beware of touching it, lest you be greeted with a veritable explosion of seeds. Watch the ripe poppy-head, full of seeds, and note the little doors which lie just under the lid. You may understand then, how, when the flower-stalk sways to and fro with the wind, the seeds are ejected and thrown out from their parent-capsule. Of winged seeds, too, there are many tolerably heavy kinds, which are dispersed by means of the wind acting on their parachutes. The sycamore seed has a double wing, as also has that of the maple, and the ash and fir are also to be reckoned with in this sense of wind-dispersed plants. When you stop to examine the burdock seeds, you will then discover how the animal is pressed into the service of the plant, for you may note the hooked hairs with which the seeds are provided and wherewith they cleave and cling to the hair and fur of sheep and other unsuspecting ministers of plant-life. Nor is the service of the animal always unconscious. There is a South African plant whose seeds or fruits possess hooks of such a nature that, when the lion has innocently been made a carrier and disperser of these seeds, the king of beasts has been done to death by the torture and irritation they induce. The lion in attempting to free his hair from the seeds is apt to find them adhering to his mouth, and the effort to get rid of the seeds is as often as not a hopeless task. There is no space left wherein to ask you to remember the sticky seed of the mistletoe—a rare provision among our native plants—whereby it adheres to the tree which is to form its "host." It is a curious story, too, that of the dispersion of seeds by the aid of birds. You may read how Darwin, by the exercise of his patient industry, seeing possible results where a lesser mind would "pass by on the other side," moistened and tended the clod of earth which a friend had removed from the foot of a migrating bird. Out of this clod, in time, developed dozens of plants, which, in the natural order of things would have been carried by the bird over great tracts of land and sea. Think, also, how volcanic islands, rising from the azure main as primitive tracts of land, are peopled by the winged seeds which fall on their coasts and bring forth a covering of vegetation to cover the barrenness of the earth.

I may not discourse at present on the why and wherefore of colour in fruits as an aid to the dispersion of the seeds contained therein. The dandelion seed is enough for to-day, and opens the gateway of thought wide enough for you and me for many days to come.



THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO GLASGOW.



THE GLASGOW EXHIBITION: VIEW FROM UNDER THE CENTRAL DOME.



THE CLYDE, NEAR KILPATRICK: DUMBARTON CASTLE IN THE DISTANCE.



## THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION AT BATH.



VIEW OF BATH, FROM NEAR THE ABBEY CEMETERY.

ONE of the most ancient, and perhaps the most beautiful, of the cities in the West of England—attractive in name and fame, agreeable in situation, handsomely built, with an aspect of polite elegance in keeping with its old-fashioned celebrity, and with an air of urban retirement peculiarly its own—Bath has been chosen for this year's Congress of the British Association of Science. "Go to Bath!" was the phrase and form of personal dismissal, in those days when people were sometimes ordered to be "sent to Coventry." We never had any disinclination to go to Bath; anybody may do well to go there now; there is a very long list of people who went to Bath, and came back much the better for it in health.

This list begins with the very earliest, of "British associations"; for King Bladud, grandson of the King Lud who built Ludgate, in London, a descendant of the Trojan hero Brutus, who gave his name to Britain, was cured of leprosy by the Bath medicinal waters. He discovered their efficacy by having infected a herd of swine with his disease, and observing that they got rid of it by wallowing in a local pool. If a sceptical generation will not believe Geoffrey of Monmouth, who ought to know better than we can, as he lived much nearer the time, which was 860 B.C., let them give credit to the Bath town-folk of A.D. 1699. A statue of Bladud was then set up, with an inscription in honour of "Bladud, son of Hudibras"—not, of course, the comic Hudibras of the recent Commonwealth—as the actual founder of "these Baths." Here are "British associations," to be sure, of extreme antiquity, but not "the advancement of science." A learned and scientific author, Mr. H. W. Freeman, with medical diplomas, surgeon to the Royal United Hospital at Bath, whose treatise on "The Thermal Baths of Bath," just published by Messrs. Hamilton, Adams, and Co., we propose to quote, rejects the story of Bladud and the swine. He shows even that this was a mere absurd interpolation, if it were to be found at all, in the British history of Geoffrey of Monmouth, who does say, indeed, that Bladud, a philosopher and necromancer, the father of King Lear or Lear, was the founder of Bath. The existence of an ancient British town on this site, and the ancient Britons' acquaintance with the healing virtue of the springs, are points not questioned by Mr. Freeman. The Romans, about the year A.D. 54, occupied the town, which they called Aqua Solis. It seems doubtful that this name originally meant "The Waters of the Sun"; for "Sul" was a native local name, preserved in that of the hill called Solsbury, before the men of Latin speech came into the country. That hill of singular appearance, at the south-west extremity of the Cotswolds, overlooking the valley of the Avon, may have been the site of a primitive fortress-town of the Britons, from which the lower town was colonised, as in the case of Old Sarum and Salisbury, or in that of Piesole and Florence.

The situation of Bath is not inferior in natural beauty to that of Florence. The valley is similarly an amphitheatre of verdant hills, rising on the east side to the height of 600 ft., at Claverton; on the north, Lansdowne Hill, to 813 ft.; and on the west, at Bathwick, to 400 ft.;

while the city, instead of lying wholly at the bottom, ascends these hills, forming terraces, squares, and crescents, one above another, of fair stone houses, intermixed with gardens and trees; the Avon, which is as little beautiful as the Arno, flows in a deep hollow beneath them. Such is the present aspect of Bath.

The Roman city of Aqua Solis was much smaller, covering mainly that part of the site of modern Bath, to the west and south, which is now represented by Westgate-street and Stall-street. It comprised a great permanent camp for two legions of Roman soldiers, a quadrangle with a grand street, 100 ft. wide, running through the centre; and the grand

Basilica, the Temple of Diana, and the Temple of Minerva, stood nearly where the Abbey, with its churchyard, and the Pump-room now stand. Architectural remnants, fragments of fluted columns, sculptured capitals and cornices, prove the magnificence of those Roman edifices. To the south-west of the Basilica, on the other side of the present Abbey-street, were discovered, first in 1755, portions of the Roman Baths, the further discovery of which took place in 1871, and then excited much antiquarian comment. There are sundry hot springs in the soil under this quarter of the city, and the Romans built their baths directly over the largest, to economise its natural heat.

The visitor will find himself amply compensated for an inspection of the Roman baths, which, within the last few years, have been exposed by the Corporation—perhaps the most remarkable relic extant of the Roman occupation. A description of those baths, with an Illustration, was given in our Journal on Oct. 20, 1883. Mr. Freeman's book should be consulted.

The Roman bath, shown in one of our Illustrations, is 81 ft. long and 38 ft. wide, which was in the centre of a hall, 110 ft. long and 68 ft. 6 in. wide, formerly roofed with a vault supported by pilasters and arches, divided into three aisles, the middle aisle covering the bath. The pedestals and lower part of several of the massive pilasters, with the steps going down to the water, appear in the Illustration; behind them, in the side aisles, which were decorated with sculpture, was a promenade gallery. The floor of this hall is 20 ft. below the level of the neighbouring modern street. Another spacious apartment contained two sudatories, or sweating-rooms, with a fireplace between them and flues to heat them. The circular bath, recently discovered, appears to have been once lined with lead.

In the fifth century of the Christian era, when the Romans had departed, there was a period of confusion among the half-civilised natives, with whom some Belgian colonists were intermixed. Aqua Solis, the stately and luxurious Roman fashionable watering-place, fell into ruin. The Saxon invaders of Wessex, in 520, besieged this town, but were defeated on "Mons Badonicus" by the renowned King Arthur. In 577, King Ceaulin, ruler of Wessex, aided by Cuthwin, achieved the victory of Deorham or Dyrham, eight miles from Bath, killing three British chieftains, and successfully fought the more decisive battle, supposed to have been at Badbury, near Blandford, in Dorsetshire. The three important cities, Bath, Cirencester, and Gloucester, then fell into the hands of the Saxons or "English"; and the Celtic population were driven westward to Exmoor, and into the parts of Devonshire beyond the Exe. When the Saxons became Christians, a monastery was erected at Bath, in 676, by King Osric of Iwica; a century later, King Offa, of Mercia, who had annexed much of Wessex to his dominion, built a Cathedral here, in which King Edgar was crowned by St. Dunstan, Archbishop of Canterbury, in 973. Bath was further exalted by King Athelstan, who established a Royal Mint in this city.

Under the Normans, though it suffered a cruel punishment from William Rufus for taking part with his brother Robert, its prosperity was advanced by the liberality of John De Villula of Tours, Bishop of Bath and Wells, who constructed the Abbey Baths, committing their charge to the Abbot and Prior of the Benedictine monastery, for the public benefit. Another Bishop founded the Lepers' Hospital, providing it with the Lepers' Bath, which continued for centuries to be appropriated to the exclusive use of that unfortunate class of patients; and in the twelfth century, it appears



A PEEP AT BATH, FROM BEECHEN HILL.



from a curious Latin poem by Alexander Necham, the Bath thermal springs were highly esteemed. We borrow a few lines from the translation given by Mr. Freeman:—

The sulphur baths of Bath are warm alway;  
Taste, and be healed, with all the speed ye may.  
And think of this, the waters upward led  
Have their first origin in earth's cold bed.  
Warm are the waters all the winter-tide;  
The pores of earth are closed, when frosts abide;  
The fumes descend; earth, nourishing the heat,  
Pours forth its sulphur stream, with health replete.  
When summer comes, outburst the fumes again;  
The stream grows cold, for earth is cold again.  
So stomachs heat, when winter shows his might;  
Then, meats well seasoned tempt the appetite;  
But when the sun pours forth his scorching heat,  
Reminding us of Phaëton's mad feat,  
Then we are subject, too, to Nature's rule;  
Then falls the appetite, and stomachs cool.

This ingenious description of the fancied analogy between the variable forces, those of animal heat, affecting the digestive functions, and the temperature of the Bath waters, does credit to an author who wrote seven hundred years ago; Necham was a native of St. Albans, who became Abbot of Cirencester. Mr. Freeman presents also some rather entertaining passages from old writers of the sixteenth century, with the quaint and fantastic account of Bath in Harrison's "Description of England," annexed to Holinshed's Chronicle, in 1577, reprinted by the New Shakspere Society. An interesting personage to be noticed in Elizabeth's reign was Dr. William Turner, Dean of Wells, who had been a doctor of medicine, and who wrote a treatise on the baths of Germany, Italy, and England. Dr. John Jones, M.D., author of "The Baths of Bath's Aid," in 1572, is next introduced, and is followed by notable local physicians of later date, Dr. John Sherwood, Dr. Edward Jorden, and Dr. Tobie Venner, in the seventeenth century; Dr. Robert Peirce, who won the highest professional repute; Dr. T. Guidott, and Dr. E. Baynard, men of considerable literary talent, who bring us down to the Georgian era, and to the grand times of fashion and aristocracy at Bath.

Royal patronage had, indeed, conferred occasional favours on Bath during the Stuart reigns. King James I.'s consort, Queen Anne of Denmark, and Queen Henrietta Maria, wife of Charles I., had sojourned here for the sake of the health-giving waters. But the place had then few artificial or social attractions. At the same time, it was forbidden by the superior commercial advantages of its neighbour, Bristol, to obtain any considerable trade. It had many handlooms employed in the manufacture of "Bath coating" and "Bath beaver," a sort of plush, but did not share the important broad-cloth industry of Frome and other western towns. The custom of the richer classes going to "watering-places," as well for a change in the manner of amusement as for refreshment after London dissipation, began towards the close of the seventeenth century. Bath seems to have taken the lead, which was followed, a quarter of a century later, by Tunbridge Wells. The Assembly Rooms had a presiding manager, styled Master of the Ceremonies, to which office, in 1704, Mr. Richard Nash was appointed, the famous "King of Bath," a man of real ability and public merit. He could not perform his multifarious and often delicate functions without making some personal enemies, and he was unjustly satirised and ridiculed as "Beau Nash;" in one of Smollett's novels he is made to appear an affected fop. The contemporary literature of the reign of George II., the biographical memoirs and correspondence, especially, of persons of any distinction, frequently refer to Bath; and its rapidly increasing importance was then shown by the building of fine streets—Great Pulteney-street is worthy of Mayfair in London—named after eminent persons of high rank. Pulteney, Earl of Bath, was one of the ablest and most influential Statesmen of the Walpole period, and was admired by Lord Chesterfield as the greatest of Parliamentary orators. To amateurs of eighteenth-century satire in verse, Anstey's "New Bath Guide," which is clever and humorous, must still be familiar; but it relates the whims and caprices of a world that has long passed away. Indeed, we feel this almost as strongly in reading our "Pickwick," written by Charles Dickens some fifty years ago, when he caricatured the orthodox rule of polite life at Bath, in the behaviour of Angelo Cyrus Bantam, Esquire, M.C., a successor of Beau Nash, who does the honours of the place to its visitors with an overpowering excess of civility. "The fat old lady?" inquired Mr. Pickwick innocently. "Hush, my dear Sir—nobody's fat or old in Bath. That's the Dowager Lady Snuphanuph." "Is it, indeed?" said Mr. Pickwick. "No less a person, I assure you. That splendidly-dressed young man, coming this way, is the richest young man in Bath at this moment. Young Lord Muntanb. You'll hear his voice in a moment. He'll speak to me. Very re-markable!" And so it goes on; but Dickens, in 1837, was a Cockney, with little experience of provincial fashionable society, and probably drew to a large extent on his own fancy, and on his reading of the old humourists. Those who were acquainted with Bath, or with any other West of England city or county town, in their youth half a century since, can hardly admit the truth of such pictures, however amusing; or believe that the author then knew much of the manners he professed to describe.

With reference to our illustrations of Bath, a few particulars remain to be mentioned. The Abbey Church, at the south end of High-street, is remarkable for the height of the clerestory and the oblong shape of the tower, which, from the number and size of its windows, in all fifty-two, has been called the "Lantern of England." Founded in 1500, and built in the shape of a Latin cross, in the pure Perpendicular style, it was in the last decade restored by Sir Gilbert Scott at a cost of £35,000. The only parish churches of which anything need be said are St. Swithin's, containing the remains of Christopher Anstey and Madame D'Arbly, whose writings have recently been revived; and St. Paul's, built when the demolition of St. Mary's Chapel was rendered necessary by the construction of a better approach to the Midland station. The little church of Thomas à Becket, at Widcombe, a short distance out of Bath, is worth a visit.

The baths and springs of mineral waters belong to the Corporation of the city. The Grand Pump-room is on the west side of the Abbey Church, and is the third of its kind which has occupied that site. It is a handsome building, which contains a marble statue of Nash, by Prince Hoare. The charge for occasionally drinking the water is twopenny per glass; for regular visitors there is a fixed tariff. The most ancient of the baths is "The King's," close by the Grand Pump-room. It must have been built prior to 1542, for it is described by Leland, who that year saw it. The Queen's Bath, hard by, was erected in 1597 by Mr. Bellott, a munificent public benefactor and a very distinguished citizen, intimate with the

Cecil, Elizabeth's Ministers; it was used by Queen Anne of Denmark, hence its name.

The Grand Pump-room stands on the western side of the abbey, and is much admired as a piece of classic architecture. The handsome building in Bath-street is the Grand Pump-room Hotel, in the southern wing of which will be found the splendid baths (undoubtedly the best in the city) erected in 1870 at a cost of £10,000 by the enterprising Corporation. Besides these, there are the Royal Private Baths, the Tepid Swimming Bath, the Cross Bath, and the Hot Bath, so called because of the height of its temperature, registering 130 deg. The thermal treatment is most prescribed for gout and rheumatism, and is also efficacious in indigestion, palsy, and cutaneous affections, as well as in some forms of nervous disorder.

Visitors to Bath will also see the Guildhall, in the High-street, erected towards the close of the last century; the adjoining Market; the Assembly Rooms, between Alfred-street and Bennett-street; and the Literary and Scientific Institution, facing the North Parade; as well as the Royal Victoria Park, laid out with rare skill, and abounding in attractions; the Sydney Gardens, finely timbered; and the bridges, from some of which charming views of the Avon valley may be commanded.

Bath has numerous charitable institutions and schools. Victoria Park has a lake, statuary, warlike trophies, rockwork, an orchestra, and other attractive features, with a great variety of really charming walks and views. The Sydney Gardens also are open to the public, through which, by a deep cutting, runs the Great Western Railway. One of the famous institutions of Bath is its archery club. The bridges are—the Old Bridge, erected in the fourteenth century, on which originally stood a small chapel, dedicated to St. Lawrence; Pulteney Bridge, erected in 1770, on either side of which are rows of shops; Cleveland Bridge, an iron one, connecting Bathwick-street and Walcot; the iron bridge uniting the North and South Parades; the Victoria Suspension Bridge, the Albert Suspension Bridge, and two railway bridges. On the summit of Lansdowne Hill stands the tower erected by the author of "Vathek," the eccentric and wealthy Mr. Beckford, rising to the height of 154 ft. above the Lansdowne Cemetery, which is on a hill 800 ft. above the sea-level, and commands an immense view of Somersetshire, Wiltshire, and Gloucestershire, the Bristol Channel, and the Welsh hills in the distance. Beckford's tomb is outside the cemetery, on a site chosen by himself. The Abbey Cemetery is on another hill, below Prior Park, which was the residence of Mr. Ralph Allen, noted in



THE THEATRE ROYAL, BATH.

the reign of George II. as the designer and manager of country post-office communication, as a wealthy proprietor of stone-quarries, and a generous benefactor of the neighbourhood. His mansion, an elegant building adorned with sculpture, was visited by Pope, who wrote of its modest owner,

Let humble Allen, with ingenuous shame,  
Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame.

It was also at Prior Park that Fielding was a visitor when he wrote "Tom Jones." The house is now a Roman Catholic College.

Over 50,000 people visited the annual floral fête of the Shropshire Horticultural Society on Aug. 23 at Shrewsbury. All day long excursionists arrived from London, Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Leeds, Cardiff, and other places. The receipts reached a total of £2500.

At the annual meeting of the Bath and Wells Diocesan Society, held on Aug. 23, the Archbishop of Taunton presented to the Bishop of Bath and Wells, on behalf of the archdeacons, rural deans, and clergy of the diocese, a gold and sapphire episcopal ring, together with an illuminated address and a cheque for £170, for any diocesan object he might select. The gift was specially made in connection with his eightieth birthday, which he celebrated on Aug. 20.

The preparations for the Jubilee Exhibition of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, which will be held next June in Windsor Great Park, under the presidency of the Queen, have already begun, as schedules have been issued of prizes for hops, jams, and preserved fruits to be competed for at that meeting. Prizes of £20 and £10 are offered for hops exhibited by the actual growers in each of the six following classes:—East Kent, Mid Kent, Weald of Kent, Hants or Surrey, Hereford or Worcester, and Sussex hops. The prizes for jams and preserved fruits are somewhat more elaborate, and are of especial interest in view of the fact that fruit-growing is a rising national industry, and that the Windsor Exhibition of next year will probably be the first preserved fruit show on record. There are two sets of prizes—one in which fruit growers and associations of fruit growers are alone allowed to compete, and the other for manufacturers of jams who are not fruit growers. Prizes of £6 and £4 (with a third prize of £2 in case six exhibitors compete) are offered in each of the following classes:—Jams, fruit jellies, bottled fruit, preserved fruit for dessert purposes, dried or evaporated fruits for cooking purposes, and fruit pulps. In each case the jams or fruits must be prepared exclusively from fruits grown in the United Kingdom in the year 1888. The entries close on Nov. 1 next for hops, and on Dec. 1 for jams and preserved fruits.

## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Nov. 30, 1881), with three codicils (dated May 26, 1887, and April 5 and June 12, 1888), of Colonel Edmund Ruck Keene, J.P., late of Swyncombe Park, Oxfordshire, who died on July 17 last, was proved on Aug. 17, by William Augustus Elmhirst and Captain George Ruck Keene, R.N., the brother, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £77,000. The testator gives to his wife, who is already provided for by settlement, such horses, carriages, and jewellery as she may select; legacies to his executors, and an annuity to his butler. He provides a portion of £10,000 for his son William George Elmhirst Ruck Keene, and one of £7000 for his son Harry Launcelot Ruck Keene. The furniture, plate, pictures, and other articles at the mansion-house, Swyncombe Park, are made heirlooms to go therewith. All his real estate he leaves to his son who shall first attain twenty-one, and the residue of his personal estate to his son Charles Edmund Ruck Keene, who also succeeds to the settled family estates.

The will (dated Sept. 13, 1864), with a codicil (dated May 16, 1878), of Colonel Richard Byrd Levett, J.P., D.L., of the King's Own Stafford Rifles, late of Milford Hall, Baswick, Staffordshire, who died on July 7 last, was proved on Aug. 20 by Mrs. Elizabeth Mary Levett, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate exceeding £47,000. The testator leaves the mansion-house, Milford Hall, with the pleasure-grounds and certain woods, and the furniture, plate, pictures, and effects, to his wife, for life, or until her marriage again, and then as to the said furniture, &c., to the person who succeeds to the said mansion-house. All his live and dead farming-stock he gives to his wife. His eldest son, Richard Walter Byrd Mirchouse, having been amply provided for by his maternal grandfather, he devises all his real estate in the counties of Stafford, Salop, and Chester, including Milford Hall on the death or marriage again of his wife, to the use of his second son, William Swinnerton Byrd Levett, for life, with remainder to such one of his sons as he shall appoint; but there is a gift over in the event of any person under such devise becoming entitled to the Sefton Abbey estate, Suffolk. The residue of his personal estate he leaves to all his children, except his said two sons, with the provision that his daughter, Isabel Mary, is to take £2000 more than any of the other residuary legatees.

The will (dated July 17, 1880) of Mr. Joseph Phipps Townsend, late of Downhills, Tottenham, and Walpole, Norfolk, who died on May 12 last, was proved on Aug. 16, by Miss Ellen Stanley Townsend, the daughter, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £47,000. The testator gives, devises, and bequeaths all his real and personal estate to his daughters in equal shares.

The will (dated June 23, 1888) of Mr. Hugh Barklie Blundell M'Calmont, late of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-Law, who died at Tunbridge Wells on June 24 last, was proved on Aug. 22 by Mrs. Edith Florence M'Calmont, the widow, and James Shaw Robinson, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £44,000. The testator gives all his household furniture, plate, pictures, silver, &c., to his wife, Mrs. Edith Florence M'Calmont; and £100 per annum to the trustees of the marriage settlements of each of his two daughters, Mrs. Ethel Elizabeth Robinson and Mrs. Margaret Anna Rawlins. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life or widowhood, and on her death or remarriage for his two daughters in equal shares. The testator states that the reason why his son Harry Leslie Blundell M'Calmont takes no interest under his will is because he is provided for elsewhere.

The will (dated May 28, 1883), with a codicil (dated Feb. 9, 1887), of the Rev. George William Darby, M.A., J.P., late of North Wingfield Rectory, Chesterfield, Derby, who died on July 16 last, was proved on Aug. 20 by Hugh James Barrow Darby, the son, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £31,000. The testator devises his lands and premises at Ely to his son George Barrow Darby; his land and hereditaments at Middlefen, Isle of Ely, to his son Hugh James Barrow Darby; and the school-house and houses at Fresfield, Norfolk, to his daughter Edith Elizabeth. He bequeaths £1000 each to his daughters, Mary Louisa and Edith Elizabeth; and £2000 each to his sons Charles Wilkins and Frederick William. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves between his said six children in equal shares.

The will (dated Aug. 4, 1885) of Mr. Joseph Berdoo, late of No. 27, Douglas-road, Canonbury, who died on May 23, was proved on Aug. 22 by Joseph Garden Berdoo and Clifford John Berdoo, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £26,000. The testator bequeaths an annuity of £200 to his daughter Amelia Rebecca Waddell; an annuity of £200 to Alice Louisa Goff; an annuity of £100 to Benjamin Hatfield; an annuity of £30 to his servant, Jane Hepburn; and there are some other bequests. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his said two sons in equal moieties.

Major-General D. Cameron has been selected for the appointment of Commandant of the Royal Military College of Canada.

The Coroner's jury which inquired into the circumstances of the fatal accident on the South-Western Railway at Hampton Wick have returned a verdict of misadventure. At the same time they censure Parsons, the signalman at Kingston, and Pickles, the engine-driver; and make several recommendations for the safer management of the line.

Mr. Gladstone, addressing a horticultural meeting at Hawarden, spoke of the humanising influence of flower cultivation, and expressed his belief that the growth of fruit for jam-making purposes might be made a profitable pursuit. He further advocated an extension of spade husbandry, and urged that an organised system of collecting and forwarding agricultural produce would do much to reduce railway rates.

A missionary festival was held in Lincoln Cathedral on Aug. 23, a series of services being held to stir up missionary zeal, but in connection with no particular society. There was a large congregation at eight o'clock, when the Bishop of the diocese celebrated holy communion; and at eleven o'clock there was morning prayer, with a sermon by the Bishop of Colombo, there being present, besides the Dean and Chapter and a large gathering of clergy and laity from all parts of the diocese, the Bishops of North Carolina, Minnesota, Grahams-town, Caffraria, Dunedin, Nelson, and Honolulu. In the afternoon there was a meeting in the Chapter-house, followed by evensong in the nave at eight, with a sermon by the Bishop of Minnesota.



## NEW BOOKS.

*The Scenery of Scotland, viewed in connection with its Physical Geology.* By Archibald Geikie, LL.D., F.R.S., Director-General of Geological Surveys (Macmillan).—In this age, which is not less scientific than æsthetic, many who love the various aspects of nature, especially those of the earth's surface, find their pleasure enhanced by learning how the mountains, the valleys and plains, the rivers and lakes, the outline of sea-coasts, and the beds of soil yielding one or

the Lomonds of Fife, Tinto in Clydesdale, the Bass Rock, Ailsa Craig, and others well known, the mere enumeration would be long. His book is illustrated by above eighty wood-engravings, some of which are pretty views of scenery, others are outline sketches of hills, or geological diagrams. We earnestly recommend this volume, along with Bædeker's admirable Guide-book and Phillips's little Atlas of the counties of Scotland, to those who intend to pass a few weeks in that country. Even the pursuit of grouse, of trout or salmon, or of deer, must leave to the sportsman a few vacant hours, and the tourist has a chance of being kept indoors by the rain. In reading Dr. Geikie, under those circumstances, the time will be agreeably and profitably spent.

*Fifty Years Ago.* By Walter Besant (Chatto and Windus).—The Jubilee of the Queen's Reign was a fit occasion for writers conversant with the political and social history of our times, and of our fathers' times, to look back half a century, and to compare the state of England then with its present condition. We have read several books of the kind, but none that is so readable as Mr. Besant's, though some of his opinions do not exactly coincide with our own judgment, and, when he uses statistics, which is but seldom, he states and works his sums otherwise than we should do. For instance, "The Army and Navy together in 1831 contained no more than 277,017 men, or half their present number," is a sentence not easily reconciled with current naval and military estimates. Administrative, economic, and arithmetical details may be learnt, if any-

body wants them, from many duller compilations. The author of "All Sorts and Conditions of Men" is sure to contribute a kindly, humane, and genial sympathy with the poor and the labouring classes, a spirit of tolerance and benevolence, to the review of social progress. He does not come forward as a politician; and the legislative achievements on which he descants most vehemently are those prohibiting the cruelties formerly practised in the employment of children in factories and mines. We seem to be none the worse, if not yet much the better, for having obtained four of the Six Points of the "People's Charter." It is not amiss that every man should have a Parliamentary vote; Mr. Besant has great reliance on the good sense of Englishmen and Scotchmen. Democracy has its dangers, but an aristocracy made terrible and disastrous mistakes. The working classes are much better off than they were before; the eighteenth century was for them a dismal time of hard servitude and degradation. In his view, the state of affairs in 1837 was a continuation of the dreary social stupidity of the eighteenth century. He is not old enough to remember, among the impressions of his childhood, the glow of hopeful enthusiasm with which men of that time who cherished Liberal sentiments, calling themselves Whigs or Radicals, urged bold and wise schemes of Reform. All his knowledge of the period is derived from reading, and that of a kind of literature which reflects more the influence of manners, habits, and minor morals, than the pregnant ideas conceived in the minds of public leaders and teachers. The flourishing popular authors between 1830 and 1840 do not present a very imposing array. There were novelists, Lytton Bulwer, Disraeli, Theodore Hook, Lady Blessington, Harrison Ainsworth, Captain Marryat, and G. P. R. James; Dickens and Thackeray were beginning; of the poets, Tennyson and Browning had written some poems, but were not yet deemed fountains of supreme inspiration; James Montgomery, Milman, Procter, Henry Taylor, Talfourd, Ebenezer Elliott, were making poetry; Sir Archibald Alison was compiling a history; Carlyle had written "Sartor Resartus" and the "French Revolution." Wordsworth and Southey, though living, added little to their former works, nor did Moore, Campbell, or Rogers. It was, unquestionably, a languid season for the literature of imagination, humour, and fancy, and for everything of original design in Art; but criticism was profitably employed, and fresh thought was directed to serious problems. Mr. Besant is

rather severe on the graceful "Annuals," such as the "Keep-sake" and "Forget-me-not," the latter of which, indeed, he does not mention, but one that we preserve contains some pretty and clever pieces. Tom Hood, a genuine humourist and true poet, deserved notice before Douglas Jerrold. Yet we must agree, in the main, with his estimate of the slenderness of original literary talent in that age, when Byron and Scott had departed. The old portraits of many well-known authors, some connected with *Fraser's Magazine* or the *New Monthly*, are reproduced in this volume, as well as some of old George Cruikshank's quaint pictures of Cockney life, reminding us indeed of "Fifty Years Ago." Those who now read "Pickwick" or "Sketches by Boz," "Oliver Twist" or "Nicholas Nickleby," may get a vivid notion of London in the days when Queen Victoria was young. Mr. Besant's commentary is that of a diligent searcher, apparently, in contemporary newspaper reports or chronicles of daily events, to which he applies the light of more recent experience. He is evidently rather glad that his prime of manhood did not fall in that time, and we are glad that he belongs to the present and the future. In one particular, however, he is "laudator temporis acti"; he wishes to see a revival of pugilistic prize-fighting. On the other hand, he rejoices in the provision, to which he has personally rendered great services, of pure and refined entertainments and means of cheerful recreation for the working classes. He denounces the old practices of drinking at taverns, gambling at clubs, cock-fighting, dog-fighting, and other cruel sports, which we fear are not yet extinct. Against the diminution of

these pernicious courses, at any rate, must be set the vast spread of betting on horse-races among the lower middle-class. The London theatres are not so good as they were for the intellectual culture of such people as these who used to go to the pit of the Olympic or the Lyceum for half-a-crown. Our gains, indeed, are very considerable; good penny newspapers, cheap editions of all good books that are not copyright; attractive and instructive exhibitions, and the Crystal Palace; excursions at moderate cost, and with quick travelling, everywhere in the British Islands or in Europe; decency, order, comfort, and quiet, in our homes and generally in the streets. "Society," of which in the past Mr. Besant has something to say, in the circles of rank and fashion, or in the middle classes, will live according to its own taste; let it dine at seven or eight, instead of three o'clock, drink any sort of wine it prefers, and the ladies wear any dresses they like. The greatest happiness of the greatest number is best consulted by social and domestic freedom, which is surely more attainable now than it was fifty years ago.

*The Makers of Venice: Doges, Conquerors, Painters, and Men of Letters.* By Mrs. Oliphant, author of "The Makers of Florence" (Macmillan).—The increasing debt of acknowledgment, on behalf of contemporary literature, to this accomplished lady writer, who has given us many good novels, biographies, critical dissertations, and studies of history, can only be estimated by a general reader of varied tastes and sympathies. In this handsome volume, a worthy companion to her "Makers of Florence," she relates the stirring feats of enterprise and the adventurous vicissitudes, grand strokes of valour, policy, and practical genius, and the triumphs of art, especially in the department of painting, which earned glory for the citizens of Venice. The first part of her work consists of the political transactions of some of the more celebrated Doges, from Pietro Orseolo, elected in 976, whose family went through romantic actions and sufferings, to the Michieli, the famous Dandolo and Gradenigo, the Falieri and Foscari, whose pathetic stories are the subjects of Byron's noble dramatic poetry; and to the humiliation of their office of supreme dictatorship in the fourteenth century. "By Sea and by Land" is the title of a series of brilliant pictures of maritime and military exploits, intermingled with great perils and disasters, from the middle of the thirteenth to the middle of the fifteenth century. It reminds us of the classical narrative of Thucydides; for the great siege of Venice by the Genoese, in 1380, presents incidents not less remarkable than the Athenian siege of Syracuse. The efforts of proud courage and patriotic devotion in a beleaguered sovereign city naturally excite our respectful sympathy, in all ages of history; and Venice in those times bred individual commanders, such as Vittore Pisani and Carlo Zeno, equal in manly virtue, perhaps in ability, to the most eminent Greeks. From the point of view of general history, the constant efforts of the two rival Italian maritime Republics to secure, against each other, the predominance of Eastern commerce and colonisation, demand special attention. Venetian manhood, however, seeking employment chiefly at sea, the usual instruments of land warfare were those bands of mercenaries who became the pest of the country; and the military art, or profession, was practised with success by skilful Condottieri devoid of the sentiment of public duty. The most famous leader, Francesco Carmagnola, a Savoyard, whose Milanese campaigns in the Venetian service were followed by his execution under an accusation of treason, has evidently received a favourable consideration from Mrs. Oliphant, and appears somewhat of a hero in her pages. Colleoni, a native of Bergamo, whose portrait ends the series of these fighting men, was luckier than his great predecessor, and his reputation is conspicuously associated with the power of Venice at its height. To some readers, no doubt, the most attractive section of this book will be that concerning the Venetian painters and those who came to live and work in Venice: the two brothers Bellini, from Padua, and the Sicilian Antonello, who had the secret of rendering flesh tints and surface in portraits; Carpaccio, who showed the manner in which Art could tell a story, and could impart the charm of romance to figures of the saints; the splendid, mighty, delightful Titian, the uncrowned King of painters, who lived ninety years with increasing renown; Tintoretto, a giant in art; Paolo Veronese, the delineator of ideal palace interiors and costumed groups; and others known to every connoisseur. Their lives, indeed, have often been written; but Mrs. Oliphant's last chapters, an account of eminent men of letters, including Petrarch during his residence at Venice, the native historians, Sabellico and Sanudo, and several learned scholars, with Aldus, the exquisite printer and classical editor,



LANSDOWNE TOWER AND BECKFORD'S TOMB, NEAR BATH.

another kind of vegetation, were produced. No country in the world presents a more interesting subject of study, in this respect, than North Britain; its very map provokes intelligent curiosity, which it promises to satisfy by the striking distinctness of its main divisions in the view of physical geography. The tourist, either in the Highlands or in the Lowlands, or in the southern region of Scotland which Dr. Geikie is content to call the Uplands, and which is certainly not Lowlands, will enjoy his easy access to magnificent landscapes all the better after reading this excellent book. The author, who was Professor of Geology at Edinburgh and Director of the Scottish Geological Survey before his preferment to the head of the Geological Surveys of the United Kingdom, has personally examined every nook and corner of that country; besides which, his journeys of scientific observation in Europe and in North America have been partly employed in examining phenomena similar to those of Scotland. "Earth-sculpture" is the carving and moulding of the face of the land by such tools as the rain; the wind; the moisture of the air, and its effect in the chemical decomposition of rocks; the force of rivers, often armed with pebbles and boulders that grind away the banks or the bed; the sapping action of underground springs; the fracture of rocks by frost; above all, the irresistible planing and scooping-out work of immense, slowly-moving glaciers, which carry hard blocks of stone in their nether part, and thereby, with a vast superincumbent weight of ice, shear away the hills that obstruct their onward course, marking their mighty passage by scratches easily recognised along the sides of the widest valleys. The traces of these prodigious forces, and of alluvial deposits, old river-banks, lake-beaches, and sea-beaches of former inlets of the ocean, abound in most parts of North Britain; in addition to which those conditions of a more strictly geological character, the disturbances of beds of rock by upheaval or depression, are frequently attested by rifts and fractures and "faults," by inclines, declines, and "anti-clines," by the "cropping up" of lower strata, by layers placed in reverse order, and by isolated peaks of igneous rock, once molten masses, thrown up from volcanic eruption. If it be true, as we gravely suspect, that the romantic interest felt in what is called picturesque scenery arises partly from a sympathetic sense of the physical commotions, the destructive conflicts, the overwhelming conquests, by which a former state of things has been ruined or subdued and entirely transformed, Scottish topography, studied by the aid of Dr. Geikie, should appeal to the imagination like an historical epic poem. His work contains many explanations, of course, which are equally applicable to some other countries—for example, to Norway and Switzerland, where glacier action, more especially, has in great measure determined the present surface configuration; but Scotland, we believe, exhibits within a small space the greatest variety of results of diverse forces, marine, atmospheric, glacial, and fluvial, its sea-cliffs alone presenting a wonderful study of romantic "weathering," and its inland lochs being scarcely inferior to the Norwegian fjords. The main threefold natural division of the whole country, regarded as a large peninsula, is very clearly made out, and is seen at a glance in the beautiful coloured geological map at the end of this volume. The Northern Highlands, for the most part consisting of hard schists, gneiss, clay-slates, and greywacke, with eruptive masses of granite, syenite, and basalt, extend to the limit of a nearly straight line drawn from Kincardineshire, on the east coast, almost due south-west, to the Firth of Clyde. The Southern Highlands, as we might call them, extend from the coast of Berwickshire, likewise in a south-west direction, to the Mull of Galloway, including the Lammermuir Hills, the Pentlands, the elevated ranges of moorlands where the Tweed and the Clyde, the Teviot, the Ettrick and Yarrow, the Annan and Nith, and all the streams of the Border, and of south-western Scotland, begin to flow. In the middle region, between these two Highland masses, lie the Scottish Lowlands, comprising the lower straths and valleys of the Tay, the Forth, and the Clyde, the fertile Lothians, the invaluable carboniferous beds of Lanarkshire, the fair land of Ayrshire, the chief cities, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dundee, and many commercial or manufacturing towns, the mines of coal and iron, the seats of trade, industry, and wealth. In another map, that of "the glaciation of Scotland," Dr. Geikie puts before the eye, with striking effectiveness, the manner in which this Lowland Middle Region was cut down, and brought into its present shape, by the numerous glacier movements descending from the lofty ice-fields of the Highlands, north and south of it, while a space was left open for the deposit of sandstone in some places, carboniferous strata in others, gravel, alluvial soil, detritus from the hills, and all that there is on the surface of the plain. As for the incidental facts related by him, with regard to the seacoast, the cliffs, the Hebrides, and the Orkneys, the most remarkable "lochs," often far deeper than the sea around Scotland, and the solitary crags of volcanic rock, such as Arthur's Seat, and those of Edinburgh and Stirling Castles,

body wants them, from many duller compilations. The author of "All Sorts and Conditions of Men" is sure to contribute a kindly, humane, and genial sympathy with the poor and the labouring classes, a spirit of tolerance and benevolence, to the review of social progress. He does not come forward as a politician; and the legislative achievements on which he descants most vehemently are those prohibiting the cruelties formerly practised in the employment of children in factories and mines. We seem to be none the worse, if not yet much the better, for having obtained four of the Six Points of the "People's Charter." It is not amiss that every man should have a Parliamentary vote; Mr. Besant has great reliance on the good sense of Englishmen and Scotchmen. Democracy has its dangers, but an aristocracy made terrible and disastrous mistakes. The working classes are much better off than they were before; the eighteenth century was for them a dismal time of hard servitude and degradation. In his view, the state of affairs in 1837 was a continuation of the dreary social stupidity of the eighteenth century. He is not old enough to remember, among the impressions of his childhood, the glow of hopeful enthusiasm with which men of that time who cherished Liberal sentiments, calling themselves Whigs or Radicals, urged bold and wise schemes of Reform. All his knowledge of the period is derived from reading, and that of a kind of literature which reflects more the influence of manners, habits, and minor morals, than the pregnant ideas conceived in the minds of public leaders and teachers. The flourishing popular authors between 1830 and 1840 do not present a very imposing array. There were novelists, Lytton Bulwer, Disraeli, Theodore Hook, Lady Blessington, Harrison Ainsworth, Captain Marryat, and G. P. R. James; Dickens and Thackeray were beginning; of the poets, Tennyson and Browning had written some poems, but were not yet deemed fountains of supreme inspiration; James Montgomery, Milman, Procter, Henry Taylor, Talfourd, Ebenezer Elliott, were making poetry; Sir Archibald Alison was compiling a history; Carlyle had written "Sartor Resartus" and the "French Revolution." Wordsworth and Southey, though living, added little to their former works, nor did Moore, Campbell, or Rogers. It was, unquestionably, a languid season for the literature of imagination, humour, and fancy, and for everything of original design in Art; but criticism was profitably employed, and fresh thought was directed to serious problems. Mr. Besant is



CHARLCOMB CHURCH, NEAR BATH.

and his son Manutius, contain particulars not so familiar to ordinary readers. This volume is illustrated with nearly fifty engravings, mostly from drawings by Mr. R. R. Holmes; its frontispiece is that fine portrait of the Doge Loredano, by Giovanni Bellini, which is in our National Gallery, the calm, thin, gentle, firm, and thoughtful face of an aged statesman, in dainty and delicate attire, expressive of moral and intellectual force, and of enduring patience, more winning and even more commanding than that of any warrior prince: and such men were some of the rulers of Venice.



BATH, AND THE MEETING OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION OF SCIENCE.



THE ABBEY CHURCH, COLONNADE, AND GRAND PUMP-ROOM.



INTERIOR OF THE GRAND PUMP-ROOM.



## BATH, AND THE MEETING OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION OF SCIENCE.



PULTENEY BRIDGE.



CAMDEN CRESCENT.

## THE GRAND PUMP-ROOM, BATH.

This room, erected in 1796, under the direction of Mr. Baldwin, the City Architect, is situated in the Abbey Yard, adjoining the King's Public and Private Baths. Its architecture is Corinthian; it is eighty-five feet in length, fifty-six in breadth, and thirty-four in height, affording ample space for promenading to those who drink the waters. In the recess at its east end is a marble statue of Mr. Nash, executed by Prince Hoare; the right hand of the figure rests upon a pedestal, on the face of which is delineated a plan of the Bath Royal Mineral Water Hospital, towards the establishment of which national charity Mr. Nash greatly contributed by his exertions in obtaining donations of money, and of which he was one of the Treasurers, from the time that it was opened for the reception of patients, in 1742, until his decease in 1761. At the west end is an orchestra for the band, which attends there daily during the winter months. There are three entrances on the northern side, opposite to the principal entrance; within an apse on the southern side is a fountain, which is supplied direct from the spring, with a continuous stream of mineral water, at a temperature of 114 deg. Fahrenheit. The supply of water from the spring to the fountain amounts to eight gallons and a half a minute. This room is opened on weekdays from 8 a.m. to 6 p.m. during the whole year; on Sundays from 12.15 p.m. to 2 p.m. throughout the year. At the south-western end of the Pump-room there is a convenient entrance to the King's Baths. The private baths are on the upper

storey. To all the baths convenient and comfortable dressing-rooms and closets are attached, containing every requisite for the invalid. In addition to the baths, there are two douche-rooms, and a room containing a thermal vapour and shower-bath of the most approved construction. Also quite recently two handsome rooms, 19 ft. high, have been added, the walls and ceilings of which are lined with tiles. These rooms are used as Aix-les-Bains douches, approached through either of two dressing-rooms, which are so arranged as to economise the time of the bathers. They are for the local application of the water, in contrast with the douche used in the bath. The distribution of water may be regulated by the attachment of large, small, or perforated nozzles to the douche-pipe, or it may be more gently applied by means of the perforated or rose nozzle. Here also are provided tepid and cold mineral water, as well as hot douches. There are two closets heated with hot air, from which warm towels, flannel, and linen are supplied to the bathers. From March until September, all the above-mentioned baths are open to the public from six a.m. till nine p.m.; and from September to March from seven a.m. to nine p.m.; on Sundays, throughout the year, from seven a.m. to half-past nine a.m.

With regard to the medicinal qualities of the Bath waters, used for drinking, we learn from Mr. H. W. Freeman's book, "The Thermal Baths of Bath, with the Aix Massage and Natural Vapour Treatment," that chemical analysis proves the chief mineral ingredients to be sulphate of lime, chloride of sodium, chloride of magnesium, and sulphate of soda; the

proportion of iron hitherto detected is comparatively small. The gases evolved from the waters are carbonic acid, nitrogen, and oxygen. To the carbonic acid gas is owing the sparkling appearance of the water, when drawn fresh from the spring. "It is a powerful stimulant of the nervous system; and its effects in contributing to restore pliability to stiffened limbs, especially when applied in a gaseous form to the surface of the body, and in alleviating certain forms of paralysis by reflex stimulation of the nerve terminals, are well known." The quantity of nitrogen contained in the Bath waters, amounting to 97 per cent of the gaseous matter yielded by them, may, in the opinion of Sir Lyon Playfair, have beneficial effects, though physiologists scarcely know why. Drinking these waters fresh from the spring will raise and accelerate the pulse, increase the temperature of the body, and excite the secretions. It may be well to enumerate some of the forms of disease in which the waters are internally useful—namely, in gout and rheumatic affections, in certain forms of chronic skin diseases (especially if gouty); and in the various irregular manifestations of gout, such as gastric and intestinal catarrh, dyspepsia, acidity of stomach, biliary obstructions, certain forms of anaemia in females, nervous debility, the debility also which follows in most acute diseases, and visceral catarrh. Cases, on the other hand, in which the Bath waters should be avoided are lung disorders, asthma, erysipelas, exanthemata, apoplexy, epilepsy, hemorrhages, cancer, general plethora, acute congestions running on to high fevers. A course of the waters is usually prescribed for three weeks.



THE CIRCUS.



## THE LADIES' COLUMN.

This is the period of the year when the highest possibilities of ease in female costume are suddenly realised. What can be more comfortable than the dress that is worn on the moors? The most orthodox costume there is a short, kilted skirt of tweed, scarce reaching to the ankles, and innocent of all weighty and cumbrous "artificial protrusions of draperies," as George Eliot put it. Beneath this there is worn either knickerbockers and gaiters, or what may by courtesy be called "a divided skirt," but might bear another name. The bodice is a loose one; generally the Norfolk form, with its three pleats, and its waist only confined to the figure by a band and buckle; or, perhaps, a little cut-away coat, fastened with three buttons, and showing a bit of vest above and below. The hat is a soft felt one, trimmed only with a bow of ribbon and so pliable that it fits easily on the head, and could be doubled up and used for a pillow without injury. The boots are thick-soled and flat-heeled—high in the leg if gaiters are not worn. What more than all this could the most ardent dress-reformer desire?

Such a costume as I have described is being worn by the Comtesse de Paris, who is proving herself so excellent a shot. This fact alone, it is true, does not indicate much about general fashion, for her Royal Highness avails herself of her privilege of position in order always to dress as she sees fit. "A Duchess can do as she pleases," whether it be marrying a man young enough to be her grandson or dressing herself to suit her own fancy. The Comtesse de Paris does not make so great a change in her ordinary costume when she goes to the moors as most women do in donning that sort of garb. The Empress of Austria, when rusticated last year at Cromer, used to amaze the natives by walking about without any hat or bonnet, carrying a big sunshade open in one hand, and a sandal-wood fan of similar dimensions in the other hand. Our own Queen's indifference to fashion and preference for comfort is well known. When shall we humbler women venture to call our heads and shoulders our own, to clothe to our own taste? Well, small beginnings produce great results sometimes; it is something to reflect how many women are wearing comfortable and healthy dress just now, with the excuse of the moors to encourage them in it.

The achievement of a little girl of twelve years of age, Miss Florence Morse, in reaching the highest pinnacle of Mont Blanc—being the youngest person who has ever done so—will not, it is to be hoped, lead to an epidemic of juvenile athletic feats. Man is an imitative animal. One infant prodigy in climbing may as readily produce others, as we have seen this season that one youthful musical wonder is followed by another and still another. The little girl who has accomplished this climb is more to be congratulated on her strength and pluck than the older people responsible for her effort are on their discretion. Certainly, such an exertion is less likely to be permanently injurious to a child of twelve than it would be to a girl two or three years older. But it is always a risk to put a severe strain on the immature muscles and the sensitive circulation of a child, sex apart; and it is to be hoped that this exploit will not be considered one to be emulated.

However, that such a way of winning an early fame should have been chosen for a girl by her friends is significant of the change in opinion about bodily strength in women. Can it be only a century ago that the good Dr. Gregory, in his "Letters to his Daughters," a work received by the parents of a whole generation as a most appropriate compendium of the duty of woman, advised the girls never to boast of possessing good health? The end and aim of Dr. Gregory's teachings to his motherless girls was admittedly to make them pleasant to men—"to point out," as he put it, "those virtues and accomplishments which render you most respectable and most amiable in the eyes of my own sex." One of these special attractions was, according to the fatherly physician, emphatically *not* to be able to climb Mont Blanc. "Though good health be one of the greatest blessings of life, never make a boast of it," he enjoins the female sex. "We [i.e., men] so naturally associate the idea of female softness and delicacy with a corresponding delicacy of constitution, that when a woman speaks of her great strength, her extraordinary appetite, her ability to bear excessive fatigue, we recoil in a way she is little aware of!" The modern man, happily, on the whole, for his sisters, has got over that extreme sensibility. He not only does not "recoil from" a woman in good health, but he plays tennis with her, and rides behind her in working partnership on a tandem tricycle. It is worthy of note that in the same book in which that unwholesome, that effete, that mischievous, demand of men for sickness in women was spoken of as a thing to which women must conform, the author added that the sex was thought very little of in that age. "Men forsake your drawing-rooms, and after dinner and supper are impatient for the moment for you to retire." So our comparative emancipation from the obligation to be physically feeble has at least not reduced us beneath the level of our foremothers in the estimation of the lordly sex; to be "amiable and respectable" in whose eyes is—well, after all, is in very truth, a main ambition for us, as it was in the past, and still in the future must be.

At the Normandy seaside resorts of Paris fashion the number of close-fitting hats is one of the features of the promenade. Cricketing caps are very generally worn in mornings, and yachting caps, with "cheese-cutter" peaks, are also pretty common; but the newest thing is the Scotch bonnet, which is really a very becoming shape to a pretty young face. When made in a dark green or blue tartan, trimmed only with a Cairngorm brooch or silver thistle out of which possibly a few grouse feathers rise, Highland bonnets have a certain style, and are novel to boot. Most of the French straw hats, following the "Tosca" style, have almost flat crowns with a mass of flowers piled on them, and big brims open in front—being more, in fact, like bonnets than hats, except that they are worn rather too far forward on the head for the former title. Tiny combs with jewelled tops are very fashionable amongst these rusticated fair Parisiennes. The little combs in question are used to catch up the loose ends of the back hair, which it is fashionable to curl along the nape of the neck for evenings, and which would straggle when uncurled without the helpful little combs. These are only about two inches long, and the stones with which their small tops are encrusted are generally cheap, though real—such as garnets, or very tiny pearls and turquoises mixed. Long, loose cloaks trimmed with a profusion of lace in waterfalls down the front, and intermixed with loops and ends of ribbon, are much worn as wraps; and it is probable therefore that in the autumn they will be seen in England, replacing the tight-fitting long coat of which, surely, we are all too weary to be reconciled to its continuance by the simple expedient of Directoire revers and big waist-buttons being added. The newest jackets from Paris houses are very short. Some are trimmed with straps, from shoulder to waist, of either braid or leather. The cloths used in making them have all a smooth, highly-finished surface, with which the new leather trimming goes admirably.

A movement is on foot to present Mrs. Hodgson Burnett with an address, signed by her brother and sister authors,

congratulating and thanking her on the brave and successful stand which she has made against the robbery, hitherto legal, of novelists' brains, by plays being made without their consent from their plots and characters. I am not a novelist, but I can admire Mrs. Burnett's courage and resolution, and hope she will like her address. Title, plot, and dialogue are not, however, quite all that there is in a play, and novelists may yet find themselves obliged to yield the greater part of the profits on plays founded on novels to the adaptor, who knows stagecraft—the construction and possibilities of a drama. Mrs. Bancroft mentions that she was obliged to decline a play by Ouida for want of such qualities; and though most novelists would doubtless be glad to write plays if they could, there are but very few instances, even in France, and hardly any in England, of a popular story-writer being also a successful dramatist.

FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

## NEW ZEALAND COLONISATION.

Mr. W. L. Rees, representing the European inhabitants of the east coast and the native races of New Zealand, is on a visit to this country for the purpose of laying before the Government a scheme for providing occupation for a portion of the surplus labour population of the United Kingdom. Mr. Rees, who is accompanied by Wi Peri, a Maori chief, aims at co-operative colonisation, and he is in communication not only with the Government, but with various co-operative bodies, on the subject. He proposes to utilise the surplus labour of England upon the waste lands of the Colonies, and if he is at all successful the natives are willing to hand over for a settlement several millions of acres of land, in addition to the 300,000 acres which they have already given up on the east coast of the North Island, which possesses fine frontages to the sea. Mr. Rees, being a delegate from the Trades and Labour Congress of New Zealand, has placed himself in communication with Mr. Broadhurst. Lord Lothian has asked Mr.



BROAD-STREET, BATH.

Rees to prepare plans to lay before a Parliamentary Committee, as he thinks that the Scotch people, especially the crofters, will give the matter their cordial support.

We are informed that the fund raised for the benefit of the widow and two children of the late Mr. Richard Jefferies amounts in all to £1514 10s. 5d., including the interest on the money while it was lying in bank, and has been invested in the names of trustees, who are Mr. Walter Besant, Mr. Alfred Buckley (New-hall, Salisbury), and Mr. C. J. Longman.

The Association of Public Sanitary Inspectors of Great Britain held their summer meeting at Brighton on Aug. 25. Dr. Richardson read an address by Mr. Edwin Chadwick, the president (who is eighty-nine years of age), in which he showed the progress that had been made in the reduction of the death-rate by the development of sanitation during the last seven years. Dr. Ewart read a paper on the sanitation of Brighton. The members then visited the local waterworks and the sewage works.

Mr. De Keyser, the Lord Mayor of London, accompanied by the Lady Mayoress and by the Sheriffs, visited Termonde, his native place, on Aug. 26. A magnificent reception awaited him; triumphal arches had been erected, and several presents were made to the distinguished visitor by deputations from Antwerp and Brussels. The Burgomaster delivered an address of welcome, and in reply the Lord Mayor alluded to the services of England in securing the independence of Belgium, and the friendly relations which bound the two countries together. At a subsequent banquet, the Burgomaster stated that the King had bestowed on the Lord Mayor the Grand Cross of the Order of Leopold.

The dead body of a man, dismembered, was found on the railway near Coventry on the day after Bank Holiday. There was no means of establishing his identity, and, after the inquest, the body was buried as that of an unknown. Immediately over the man's heart was discovered a long tress of woman's hair; and by this tress he has been identified. Miss F. Thacker, a young lady of Wolverhampton, saw, a day or two ago, a paragraph in a newspaper giving some particulars of the deceased, and she concluded that he was William Bromley, a native of Crick, near Rugby. Bromley had for some time lived at Wolverhampton, and had been engaged to Miss Thacker, and she went to Coventry to inspect the clothes and other property found on deceased. She recognised a small microscope and the sleeve-links which he wore, and when shown the hair found that it was her own. Some time ago he promised to spend Bank Holiday with Miss Thacker, at Wolverhampton. He did not, however, and she believes that, being short of money, he was walking along the railway between the two towns when he was overtaken by a train and killed.

## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

The holiday-season of science is already on the wane. The custom of holding "movable feasts" of scientific nature seems to be growing upon us. The British Medical Association held "high jinks" at Glasgow; the British Association for the Advancement of Science will soon be in the hey-day of its annual outing; the various sanitary societies have already enjoyed their excursions into the provinces; and in a few days, at most, the peripatetic philosophers will return to their usual haunts, there to rest, chrysalis-like, till the next season summons them to public activity. It is remarkable that so widespread an interest is evoked by scientific men and scientific affairs; but our wonder may perchance be decreased somewhat if we reflect that everywhere there is a scientific leaven at work, moulding, reforming, and altering our conceptions of men and things. In the schools, science-lessons now happily form part of the educational curriculum. In our homes we discuss the science articles in the newspapers and magazines; and, although we may not yet have attained to the dignity of "prattling about protoplasm" in our drawing-rooms, none the less it is true that science-teaching is pervading the world to an extent of which those who live outside the world of science are scarcely aware.

There is promise of great things in this extension of such knowledge to the masses. For one thing, I opine, we shall all have our range of mere conversation, and our interest in the world in which we live, extended and enlarged as a result of this educational enterprise. Your ordinary mortal is, scientifically speaking, a nonentity. He knows little or nothing of the world in which he lives; and the commonest phases of his life—the rising and setting of the sun, the relations of insects to flowers, the meaning of the fossils he sees in the rocks, and the hundred-and-one other incidents which environ his life—are all so many unheeded, because unknown, facts of Nature. You can literally exhaust the intellectuality of the ordinary young man (or young woman) after five minutes' conversation at lawn tennis or at the dinner-table. Given the last novel, the most recent play or opera, and the latest social chronicle, in the way of a fashionable marriage, for instance, and your ordinary neighbour is mentally *non est*, as a rule. But given an interest in science and in the great world of things, incidents, and events which science discloses, and you open up vistas of mental enjoyment literally boundless in extent. This is, in truth, the great plea for science-culture all the world over. It is not that science is to make us learned, or encyclopædic in our education; and still less is it that scientific knowledge is to make us pedantic. But if we succeed in making science-details open up for us the heavens above and the waters beneath, we may find our lives made to encompass a richer harvest of thought and culture than is possible to even a high degree of literary education alone. This is the real plea for the rôle science has to play in common life. If our British Associations and our Social Science Congresses accomplish this much for us—that they give us an increased interest in the work of those who are ferreting out the secrets of Nature, and that they enlarge our views of life and its mental pleasures—then shall the children of "sweetness and light" be rewarded for their labours in the way of scientific research.

Mr. Edison's phonograph, at length, seems to have reached the stage of development at which it may be declared to be an unqualified scientific success. I have before me a paper in which Mr. Edison prophesies for that instrument a great future in the business and social relations of the world. The instruments sent by Mr. Edison to England have certainly reproduced in a marvellous fashion the words and other sounds wherewith they were charged. The future of the phonograph may, therefore, well be all that its inventor claims for it. Our friends, finding us absent from home when they call, will speak their message into the phonographs, which, doubtless, will be placed handy on the lobby-table. We shall speak our "letters" into the instrument, and post the wax cylinders to our friends, who, by placing them, in turn, in their own instruments, will hear our voices reproduced. Foreign letters will then become things of even deeper interest than now, since we shall be able to hear the accents of our friends abroad instead of having to peruse their written words. The wax cylinders, moreover, can be preserved like letters, and made to reproduce as often as may be required the voice-tones which have been impressed upon them. The telephone has proved itself a marvellous aid in the conduct of human affairs. The phonograph certainly seems destined to parallel the telephone in respect of a like success.

The spread of ambulance-teaching is a gratifying feature of that education which includes both old and young in its scope. It is more than interesting to hear an ambulance-class being taught, and to note how eagerly the principles of "first aid to the injured" are imbibed by "all sorts and conditions of men" and women; indeed, as far as ambulance instruction is concerned, I should say the gentler sex are more frequently in a position to exercise their knowledge than are their male neighbours. Mothers, nurses, and others are always in a position to deal at once with domestic accidents, and many a life has been saved at home from such accidents as choking, burning, bleeding, and so forth, by the timely and prompt aid which the ambulance student is able to afford. I have in my possession quite a collection of newspaper-cuttings detailing the utility of "first aid" in the accidents and emergencies of life; and I am pleased to be able to add yet another item to this interesting list. Recently a man at Wylam-on-Tyne sustained a severe wound of his arm which severed the principal vessels. A bystander at once applied a tourniquet (made with a stick and a handkerchief) over the main artery of the upper arm, and checked the dangerous bleeding. But for this timely aid, the man, as the doctor subsequently in attendance declared, would have perished. Earnestly enough, therefore, may we advocate that senior boys and girls, before they leave school, should be trained in ambulance work. Personally, I know this kind of instruction is thoroughly appreciated by the young, who are easily interested in scientific details, when these details are clearly and popularly taught.

I observe that in the State of New York, electricity as a means of capital punishment has been approved of by "the powers that be." That there are no practical difficulties in the way of instantaneously killing a man by means of the electrical current, properly and dextrously applied, is a plain fact. Executions are gruesome events enough under any circumstances; but one cannot help thinking that if the law is to demand life for life, the sacrifice should be accomplished, in the interests of mercy and decency, with somewhat of the rapidity wherewith electricity promises to accomplish the task. Recent executions in England have not tended to increase our respect for the manner in which the extreme sentence of the law is carried out. The medical journals protest against the common mode of execution, and I opine that what America has done in this matter may be followed up with advantage by ourselves.

ANDREW WILSON.



PROGRESS OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

The annual statement of the general progress at the British Museum contains the following particulars:—

A commencement has been made of an exhibition of the Greek and Roman sepulchral monuments and other sculpture hitherto stored away in imperfectly-lighted rooms in the basement of the Museum. Intended structural alterations have been postponed owing to disappointment in the necessary supply of funds asked for, and promised, for the past year. It is expected that provision for these works will be made in the grant for the year 1888-89, and that the remainder of the monuments will find adequate exhibition space in a well-lighted lower floor of the present room. From apprehension of injury by exposure to light and changes of atmosphere, it has been found necessary to remove from the walls of the north-west staircase the framed Egyptian papyri exhibited there for many years, but a small selection has been placed on view in the Upper Egyptian Gallery. The wall-space of the staircase will be covered with mosaics from Carthage, Herculaneum, and other sites, many of them not before exhibited.

In the other gallery has been placed on view an extensive series of Japanese paintings, with a few early Chinese works, taken from the collection formed by Mr. William Anderson during a residence of many years in Japan, and purchased from him in the year 1883. They will remain on exhibition for some time, and will afterwards be replaced by European works from the general collection of prints and drawings. Printed books and manuscripts illustrating the history of shorthand writing have been exhibited in the King's Library, on the occasion of the celebration of the invention.

It is necessary to recur to the subject of inadequacy of the present reading-room for accommodation of the ever-increasing number of applicants for admission, to which attention was drawn in the return for the year 1885. It was then stated that the number of visitors to the room had risen from 105,310 in the year 1875 to 159,340; and it has advanced to 182,778 for the year 1887. No further addition can be made to the number of seats without inconveniently diminishing the desk space allotted to each reader. The room is frequently overcrowded; and what is to be feared is that literary men engaged in genuine research will gradually find themselves pressed out of use of the room by the throng of readers for general information. The wants of this numerous class of visitors would be better satisfied in a separate room, suitably furnished with modern works; and, unless the principle of limiting admission to the present reading-room to purposes of research is adopted, which cannot be recommended, and would, indeed, be extremely difficult to enforce, a measure of this nature may be considered indispensable.

The interruption since the year 1882 of the exploration for antiquities in Assyria and Babylonia, by reason of the refusal of the Turkish Government to renew the firman under which it had been carried on for many years, has caused the abandonment of important sites in those countries to the operations of native diggers. It is to be feared that there has been much destruction and dispersal of inscribed tablets in consequence. Partially-excavated sites, in which collections of these documents were found, and in which, without doubt, more remained to be unearthed, are exposed to the reckless explorations of the Arabs, and the records of these ancient empires are being scattered, or altogether destroyed.

THE WHEAT CROP IN INDIA.

A report has been received from the Government of India giving the Final General Memorandum on the wheat crop of the season 1887-88. It states:—There was, especially in the autumn, a deficiency in the outturn of food-grains in many parts of India during the year 1887-88, but not so great as in the two previous years. This was in some parts of India compensated by the general satisfactory results of the spring harvest of 1888. In the northern half of India a considerable falling off in the outturn of food crops was experienced for the four harvests in succession (i.e., two in the spring and two in the autumn) which preceded the recent wheat harvest of last spring (1888). The surplus stocks in Bengal and the Central Provinces were drained during 1887-88 for requirements in the North-West Provinces, which imported in the last quarter of 1887, from Bengal, Punjab, and the Central Provinces, about 25,000 tons of food-grains in excess of the amount imported from Bengal, the Punjab, and the Central Provinces during the same quarter of the previous year. The conditions above noted led to a universal tendency towards a rise in prices, which culminated in the months preceding the recent spring harvest, when the prospects were, in consequence of the delay in the winter fall of rain in Northern India, unfavourable. As soon as the results of the spring harvest were assured by the occurrence of sufficient rainfall, a decline in prices commenced throughout India, which was entirely independent of the export demand in Europe.

The Duke of Westminster has divided twenty-five acres of land between Chester and Eaton Hall into quarter-acre allotments, which he has let to one hundred mechanics and labourers. The scheme is a great success, every allotment being taken up and worked by spade husbandry.

The Anglo-Danish Exhibition at South Kensington was finally closed on Aug. 25. The exhibition was opened on May 14 by the Prince and Princess of Wales, the object being to raise funds for the rebuilding of the British Home for Incurables at Clapham, which was the first institution in England to receive the patronage of the Princess of Wales after her marriage, and it was also designed to celebrate the silver wedding of the Prince and Princess of Wales. It is stated to have been successful financially notwithstanding the unfavourable weather and other adverse circumstances. The bright weather on the closing day drew a large attendance.

The Committee of Council for Agriculture have made their first grants out of the sum of £5000 placed at their disposal by the Government for the present financial year in aid of Agricultural and Dairy Schools. The Cheshire County Dairy School at Worleston, which has done remarkably well this season, receives £150 for the year; the Aspatia Agricultural College gets £250; the Ayrshire Dairy Association, £120; the Wigtownshire Dairy Association, £101; the Kirkcubright and the Dumfriesshire Associations, £70 and £28 respectively. The largest sum allotted, £300, goes to the Edinburgh University; while the Glasgow and West of Scotland Technical College receives a grant of £200.

A young lady in Southport, who has a fortune in her own right, and is the daughter of a banker in that town, has been "mated to a clown." She became enamoured of a handsome young clown named Carilland while he was performing at a circus. She succeeded in meeting him, and the pair left Southport together. The station-master at Bolton received a telegram asking him to detain "a lame young lady who was travelling by the Southport train"; but it so happened that there were two lame young ladies in the train, and he arrested the wrong one. In the meantime the banker's daughter and her lover made their way to the Bolton Registry Office, and were duly married.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

E J WINTER WOOD.—Thanks for letter and enclosure. We shall publish the problem, and note your success at the same time.

T T CARR.—You would save much trouble if you looked at the solutions carefully. It is expressly stated that if K moves to Q 4th, Q takes P (ch) and mates next move.

H N S (Brighton).—Problem construction cannot be discussed here; but neither a complicated position nor a preponderance of force on the losing side is an impediment to a good problem. Your positions want everything but simplicity. Compare them with Nos. 237 and 241, and you will see what we mean.

J G GRANT.—Your solution must have escaped us, but it is acknowledged below.

E VON KORNATZKI.—The Kt at K 3rd should be a Black one, as you correctly conjectured. Only the key move is required.

"THE OLD LADY" (Paterson, U.S.A.).—Your feelings shall be considered in future and we will not talk "disrespectfully" of such two-movers again.

G H R (Hull).—Full name and address required before your inquiry can be considered.

MANY correspondents have written about No. 2315. The Kt at White King's 3rd should have been a Black Kt. We are sorry to have caused so much trouble by an oversight.

PROBLEMS received with thanks from Carslake Wood, E J Winter Wood, and Mrs. Baird.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2312 received from J W Shaw (Montreal), The Old Lady (Paterson, U.S.A.), A W Hamilton Gell, and F Drew; of No. 2313 from Joseph T Pullen, E Bohnstedt, J G Hankin, J G Veale, and Serjeant James Saxe; of No. 2314 from J Bryden, D R Boehles, Joseph T Pullen, J Dudley, G J Veale, J Ross (Whitby), Rev Winfield Cooper, and E Bohnstedt.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2315 received from L Desanjos, J Bryden, E Von Kornatzki, J Hepworth Shaw, E Bohnstedt, E E H W Hillier, E Lacey, Howard A E Casella (Paris), Peterhouse, E Phillips, R Walters (Canterbury), D McGee, Major Prichard, Rev Winfield Cooper, Julia Short, T G (Ware), W R Raille, Thomas Chown, R F N Banks, H M Priddleux, Hereward, J Dixon, F Drew, T Roberts, Rev Leonard Watson, S Royce, G E P, and Dr F St.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2313.

WHITE.

1. Q to Kt sq

2. Kt (at B 2nd) to Kt 4th (ch)

3. Q Mates.

BLACK.

K to Q 4th

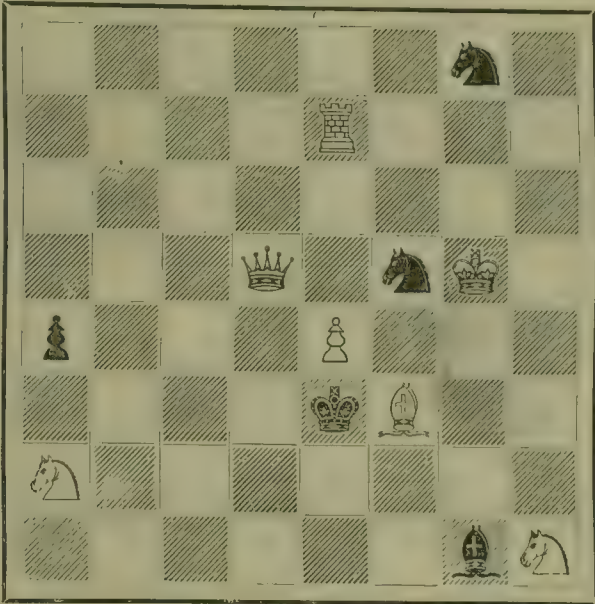
K moves

If Black play 1. K to B 6th, 2. R takes B (ch), &c.

PROBLEM No. 2317.

By H. M. PRIDEAUX.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

BRADFORD CHESS CONGRESS.

Game in the International Masters' Tournament between Messrs. WEISS and BARDELEBEN.

(Four Knights' Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. W.)	WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. W.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	19. P to B 3rd	Kt to B sq
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	20. Q to Q 2nd	Kt to K 3rd
3. Kt to B 3rd	Kt to B 3rd	21. B takes P	Q R to K Kt sq
4. B to Kt 5th	B to Kt 5th	22. K to B 2nd	
5. Castles	Castles		
6. P to Q 3rd	B takes Kt		
7. B takes Kt	Kt P takes B		
8. Kt P takes B	P to Q 3rd		
9. P to K R 3rd	P to K R 3rd		
10. B to K 3rd	B to K 3rd		
11. Kt to Q 2nd	P to Kt 4th		
	To prevent the advance of K B P.		
12. P to Kt 4th	K to Kt 2nd		
13. K to Kt 2nd	Kt to Q 2nd		
14. R to R sq			
	Extreme caution has been observed on both sides, and it is not often the game is so far advanced with moves identical on each side. White now finds himself in a position to force matters, and infuses some liveliness into the fight.		
15. Kt to B sq	Q to K 2nd		
16. Kt to Kt 3rd	R to R sq		
17. Kt to Kt 5th (ch)	P to B 3rd		
18. P to R 4th	P takes P		
	This capture isolates Black's R P, and		

CHESS BY CORRESPONDENCE.

Game played between Dr. GORDON, R.N., and Mr. F. LEE.

(King's Gambit declined.)

WHITE (Dr. G.)	BLACK (Mr. L.)	WHITE (Dr. G.)	BLACK (Mr. L.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	17. Kt to K 5th	B takes Kt
2. P to K B 4th	B to B 4th	18. R takes P	Q to B 3rd
3. Kt to K B 3rd	P to Q 3rd	19. K to R sq	B to K 4th
4. P to Q B 3rd	Q to K 2nd	20. R (K 4th) to K	P to K R 3rd
	A novelty in the defence that is not to be recommended; White has now the better game.		
5. P to Q 4th	P takes Q P		
6. P takes P	B to Kt 5th (ch)		
7. K to B 2nd	B to Q 2nd		
	K Kt to B 3rd is the correct reply. If White then attempt to win a piece by checking at Q R 4th, the following is the probable termination: Q to R 4th (ch), Kt to B 3rd; 9. P to Q 5th, Kt takes P (ch), and wins.		
8. P to Q R 3rd	B to R 4th		
9. P to Q Kt 4th	B to K 3rd		
10. B to Q B 4th	Kt to K B 3rd		
11. R to K sq	Kt takes P (ch)		
12. K to Kt sq	P to Q B 3rd		
13. Kt to Q B 3rd	P to K B 4th		
	P to Q 4th is of no use. White answers with 14. B takes P; P takes B; 15. Kt takes		

INTERNATIONAL CHESS CONGRESS.

The proceedings at Bradford were brought to a close on Monday, Aug. 20, a consultation game being played between Bird and Blackburne against Weiss and Bardeleben for a special prize of ten guineas, given by F. H. Lewis, Esq. After a protracted fight the game ended in a draw, and the prize was equally divided amongst the combatants. The following are the full scores in the Masters' Tournament:—Gunsberg, 14½; Captain Mackenzie, 13; J. Mason, 12; C. V. Bardeleben, 12; A. Burn, 11½; M. Weiss, 11; J. H. Blackburne, 11; S. Taubenhaus, 10; W. H. K. Pollock, 8; H. E. Bird, 8; E. Thorold, 7½; C. D. Loeck, 7½; B. J. Lee, 6; J. Mortimer, 6½; Rev. J. Owen, 6; J. F. Hall, 4½; A. Rumball, 4; Rev. A. B. Skipworth, 4.

The London Banks' Chess Club held its annual meeting on Aug. 23, and a favourable report of the first year of its existence was presented to its members. Messrs. E. P. Muttins (Bank of England) and G. Wallace (London and Westminster Bank), to whose labours much of the success of the club was due, were re-elected honorary secretaries; and a committee consisting of twelve gentlemen from various banks was appointed to arrange the details of the programme for the coming year.

MUSIC.

THE BIRMINGHAM TRIENNIAL FESTIVAL.

This great music meeting closed on Aug. 31, having opened with Mendelssohn's "Elijah," on Aug. 28. We have already given details as to the antecedents of these great celebrations, and the arrangements for that which has just terminated, most of the performances at which occurred too late for present notice. The programme of the opening oratorio included Mesdames Albani, Trebelli, and Patey, Miss Anna Williams, Mr. E. Lloyd, and Mr. Santley, as principal solo vocalists; the two ladies first named, Mr. Piercy, and Mr. Brereton having been announced as the soloists in Dvorák's "Stabat Mater," which formed the chief portion of the evening concert of the same date. Of the subsequent performances, including the production of Dr. Parry's new oratorio, "Judith," and Dr. Bridge's new cantata, "Callirhoë," and other items, we must speak hereafter.

The Promenade Concerts at Covent-Garden Theatre are still providing ample and varied entertainment for Londoners and provincial visitors, at a period when there is little else of public music going on in the metropolis. Since our last notice of the Covent-Garden concerts another classical night has been given. The first part of the programme included Weber's Overture to "Euryanthe," an impressive "Andante Religioso," by Scharwenka, and Beethoven's Symphony in C minor. Mendelssohn's first Pianoforte Concerto (in G minor) was finely played by Madame Frickenhaus, and a violoncello solo ("Kol Nidrei"), by Max Bruch, was skilfully executed by Mr. E. Howell. Mr. Santley made his first appearance at these concerts this season, and sang several songs with his accustomed effect—other successful vocal performances having been contributed by the young lady known as "Nikita," and Madame Belle Cole. The later portion of the concert consisted, as usual, of a miscellaneous selection.

A series of performances of operas in English was announced to begin at the Alexandra Palace on Aug. 25, under the direction of Mr. Valentine Smith. Wallace's "Maritana" was promised for the first evening, with Mr. W. Carter as conductor.

Mr. William Chappell, who died recently at the age of seventy-eight, was eminent as a musical antiquary. He edited many valuable works, especially several collections of old English music of various styles and periods; and produced an important "History of Music (Art and Science)," which, we believe, remains uncompleted. Mr. W. Chappell was related to the principals of the well-known firm of Messrs. Chappell and Co., of New Bond-street, with which establishment he was associated before he gave himself up entirely to literary and musical pursuits, his researches in which have left many valuable results. Mr. Chappell was a member of several learned societies.

TEA-CULTIVATION IN INDIA.

According to the report of the Administration of Assam for the past year, the process of decreasing the number of tea-gardens while the amount of land under tea-cultivation increases was continued during the year. The average size of the Assam gardens is increasing year by year, showing combination among owners or more capital. The small cultivators are disappearing. There were 883 gardens in 1886 and 873 in 1887, although new gardens were opened during the latter year. Even more was done in previous years to amalgamate gardens, with a view to economy and convenience of working. The total area under tea-cultivation in 1887 was 950,171 acres, an increase of 16,037 acres over 1886. In 1882 the area of the gardens was 783,362 acres. These figures represent the areas held by the tea-planters, and either not yet worked at all, or in one or other of the various stages between jungle and productive paying tea-garden. The area under mature plants last year was 177,900 acres, and under immature 33,179. The area under mature plants increases steadily in Assam: in 1882 it was 156,707 acres; in 1885, 159,876. The total tea-production of the province for 1887 is given at 68,451,180 lb., an increase of 6,731,502 lb., or 10·91 per cent over 1886, and more than double the production of 1885. According to the figures of the Indian Tea Association, Assam produced 74·89 per cent of the whole crop of Indian tea in 1887. The yield per acre of the whole province was 385 lb. for the year, as compared with 363 lb. in 1886. The tendency of the cost of production is to decrease with the improved communications and methods of cultivation and manufacture. More is obtained from the soil at less cost, it is handled more cheaply and effectually, and reaches the consumer by more economical communications. The price is now lower than it ever was before, yet the planters are doing fairly well as regards profits. "The explanation is that the tea can now be turned out for less than was possible a few years ago. The use of machinery of an improved character is now largely extended, while freight and cost of transport are much less. The coolies are growing older and more skilled in their work, and can do more and far better than they could when raw hands." The Indian Tea Association estimate that Assam will produce 70,975,884 lb. this year, out of a total Indian crop of 95,829,312 lb.

EXHIBITION OF OLD MASTERS AT BIRMINGHAM.

A loan collection of more than local importance has been opened at the Birmingham Art Gallery. It consists of paintings by Old Masters, including some which have obtained a world-wide reputation. The nucleus of the exhibition consists of ninety pictures, selected from the historical portraits of the Lennard family, which have hitherto only been seen by favoured visitors to Belhus House. Sir Thomas Barrett-Lennard has, however, conferred a distinguished favour on the Birmingham Gallery by allowing Mr. Whitworth Wallis, the curator, to select for several months as many specimens as he desired. This famous collection has been accumulated from generation to generation, and embraces portraits by Holbein, Lucas, Vandyke, Janssen, Sir Peter Lely, François de Troy, Reynolds, and others. This interesting group is supplemented by most liberal loans from the galleries of the Duke of Westminster, Duke of Norfolk, the Marquis of Hertford, the Marquis of Lansdowne, the Earl of Dartmouth, the Earl of Coventry, Lord Windsor, and others. To the Duke of Westminster the collection owes ten celebrated works, including landscapes by Claud, a sea-piece by Gainsborough, and three Rembrandts. The Duke of Westminster also lends "St. John and the Lamb," by Murillo, and a sketch, by Velasquez, of that artist's equestrian picture of the Prince of the Asturias, which is one of the splendid works of the Museum of Madrid. The Duke of Norfolk lends three fine Vandykes from Arundel Castle; while the Earl of Dartmouth sends portraits by Gainsborough, and the Marquis of Hertford some noteworthy works by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

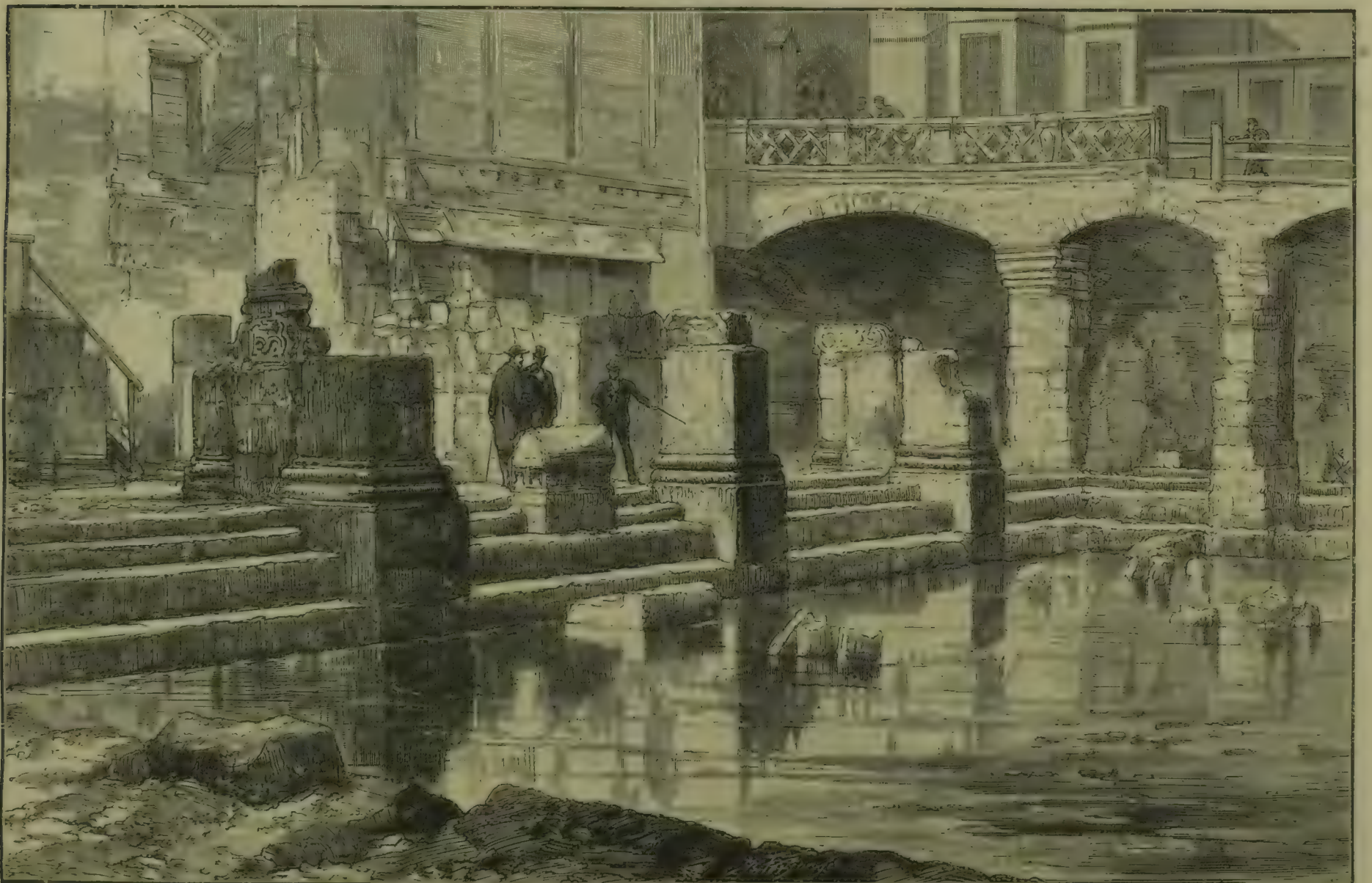
Lady Burdett-Coutts on Aug. 24 presented the prizes to the successful competitors in the children's fourth annual flower-show, held at Lansdowne-place Ragged Schools, Tabard-street, Borough.



THE ROMAN BATHS OF AQUÆ SOLIS, AT BATH.



CIRCULAR BATH, RECENTLY DISCOVERED.



ROMAN BATH, 110 FT. LONG, 68 FT. WIDE, WITH REMAINS OF VAULTED HALL.



Thoughts, like snowflakes on some far-off mountain side, go on accumulating till some great truth is loosened, and falls like an avalanche on the waiting world.

WHAT HEALTH-RESORT, WHAT WATERING-PLACE, WHAT CLIMATE IN THE WORLD

could show results of Preventable Death like these of the power of Sanitation. IGNORANCE OF SANITARY SCIENCE, direct and indirect, Costs Threefold the amount of Poor-Rate for the Country generally. "He had given as models of sanitation of adult life, well-constructed and well-kept prisons, where of those who came in without well-developed disease, and not *good lives either*, the death-rate did not exceed THREE in 1000. In Stafford County Jail the death-rate had, during the last ten years, been actually less than one in every thousand—not a tenth of the death-rate of adult outsiders."—Inaugural Address by E. CHADWICK, C.B., on the Sanitary Condition of England.

THE KING OF PHYSICIANS, PURE AIR.—JEOPARDY OF LIFE.—THE GREAT DANGER OF VITIATED AIR.

"Former generations perished in venial ignorance of all sanitary laws. When BLACK DEATH massacred Hundreds of Thousands, neither the victims nor their rulers could be accounted responsible for their slaughter."—Times.

After breathing impure air for two minutes and a half, every drop of blood is more or less poisoned. There is not a point in the human frame but has been traversed by poisonous blood ; not a point but must have suffered injury. ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" is the best known remedy ; it removes foetid or poisonous matter (the groundwork of disease) from the blood by natural means, allays nervous excitement, depression, and restores the nervous system to its proper condition. Use ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." It is pleasant, cooling, refreshing, and invigorating. You cannot overstate its great value in keeping the blood pure and free from disease.

# IMPORTANT TO ALL.

Especially to Consuls, Ship Captains, Emigrants, and Europeans generally who are visiting or residing in Hot or Foreign Climates, or in the United Kingdom. As a natural product of Nature, use ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." You cannot overstate its great value in keeping the BLOOD PURE. Without such a simple precaution, the JEOPARDY of life is immensely increased. As a means of keeping the system clear, and thus taking away the groundwork of Malarious Diseases and all Liver Complaints, or as a Health-giving, Refreshing, Cooling, and Invigorating Beverage, or as a Gentle Laxative and Tonic in the various forms of Indigestion.

USE ENO'S "FRUIT SALT."

It is particularly valuable. No TRAVELLER should leave home without a supply, for by its use the most dangerous forms of FEVERS, BLOOD POISONS, &c., are prevented and cured. It is, in truth, a FAMILY MEDICINE CHEST in the simplest yet most potent form. Instead of being lowering to the system, this preparation is in the highest degree invigorating. Its effect in relieving thirst, giving tone to the system, and aiding digestion, is most striking.

**FOR BILIOUSNESS OR SICK HEAD.**

**ACHE**, Giddiness, Depression of Spirits, Sluggish Liver, Vomiting, Sourness of the Stomach, Heartburn, Costiveness and its evils. Impure Blood and Skin Eruptions, &c., **ENO'S "FRUIT SALT"** is the simplest and best remedy yet introduced. It removes by natural means effete matter or poison from the blood, thereby preventing and curing boils, carbuncles, fevers, feverish skin, erysipelas, and all epidemics, and counteracts any **ERRORS OF EATING OR DRINKING**, or any sudden affliction or mental strain, and prevents diarrhoea (also removes diarrhoea in the *first* stage by natural means). It is a Pleasant Beverage, and may be taken as an invigorating and cooling draught under any circumstances, from infancy to old age. It is impossible to overstate its value, and on that account no household ought to be without it, for by its use many disastrous results may be entirely prevented. In the nursery it is beyond praise. Notwithstanding its medical value, the "**FRUIT SALT**" must be looked upon as essential as breathing fresh air, or as a simple and safe beverage under all *circumstances*, and may be taken as a sparkling and refreshing draught, in the same way as lemonade, soda-water, potass-water, &c., only it is much cheaper and *better in every sense of the term, to an unlimited extent*. The "**FRUIT SALT**" acts as simply, yet just as powerfully, on the animal system as sunshine does on the vegetable world. It has a natural action on the organs of digestion, absorption, circulation, respiration, secretion, and excretion, and removes all impurities, thus preserving and restoring health.

**INQUESTS. — A STARTLING ARRAY**  
OF PREVENTABLE DEATHS. — Why should FEVER, that VILE SLAYER of MILLIONS of the HUMAN RACE, not be as much and more hunted up, and its career stopped, as the solitary wretch who causes his fellow a violent death? The MURDERER, as he is called, is quickly made example of by the law. Fevers are almost universally acknowledged to be PREVENTABLE DISEASES. How is it that they are allowed to level their thousands every year, and millions to suffer almost without protest? The most ordinary observer must be struck with the huge blunder. Who's to blame? For the means of preventing PREMATURE DEATH from disease, use ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." It keeps the BLOOD PURE, and is thus of itself one of the most valuable means of keeping the blood free from fevers (and blood poisons), liver complaints, &c., ever discovered. As a means of preserving and restoring health it is unequalled; and it is, moreover, a pleasant, refreshing, and invigorating beverage. After a patient and careful observation of its effects when used, I have no hesitation in stating that if its great value in keeping the body healthy were universally known, not a household in the land would be without it, or a travelling trunk or portmanteau but would contain it.



## WHICH MAY BE PREVENTED.

A NATURAL WAY OF RESTORING OR PRESERVING HEALTH,  
**USE ENO'S "FRUIT SALT."**  
 HEALTH-GIVING, COOLING, REFRESHING, AND INVIGORATING.

"From the Rev. J. W. NEIL, Holy Trinity Church, North Shields.

"Nov. 1, 1873.

"DEAR SIR,—As an illustration of the beneficial effects of your 'Fruit Salt,' I can have no hesitation in giving you particulars of the case of one of my friends. His whole life was clouded by the want of vigorous health, and to such an extent did the sluggish action of the liver and its concomitant Bilious Headache affect him, that he was obliged to live upon only a few articles of diet, and to be most sparing in their use. This uncomfortable and involuntary asceticism, whilst it probably alleviated his sufferings, did nothing in effecting a cure, although he persevered in for some twenty-five years, and also, to my knowledge, consulting very eminent members of the faculty, frequently even going to town for that purpose. By the use of your simple 'Fruit Salt,' however, he now enjoys the vigorous health he so long coveted, he has *never* had a headache nor constipation since he commenced to use it, about six months ago, and can partake of his food in such a hearty manner as to afford, as you may imagine, great satisfaction to himself and friends. There are others known to me to whom your remedy has been so beneficial in various kinds of complaints that I think you may very well extend its use, both for your own interest and *pro bono publico*. I find myself that it makes a very refreshing and exhilarating drink.—I remain, dear sir, yours faithfully,

J. W. NEIL.

IMPORTANT TO TRAVELLERS AND ALL LEAVING HOME FOR A CHANGE.

"We have for the last few years used your 'Fruit Salt' during several important Survey Expeditions in the Malay Peninsula, Cambodia, and have undoubtedly derived very great benefit from it. In one instance only has one of our party attacked with fever during that period, and that happened after our supply of 'Fruit Salt' had run out. When making long marches under the powerful rays of a vertical sun, or tramping through swampy districts, we have used the 'Fruit Salt' two and three times a day. The 'Fruit Salt' act as a gentle aperient, keeps the blood cool and healthy, and wards off fever. We have pleasure in voluntarily testifying to the value of your preparation, and our firm belief in its efficacy. We never go into the jungle without it, and have also recommended it to others.—Yours truly, "Commander A. J. LOITUS, his Siamese Majesty's Hydrographer.

"E. C. DAVIDSON, Superintendent Siamese Government Telegraphs,  
Bangkok, Siam, May, 1883."

"To J. C. Expo, Esq., London.

**THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.**—"A new invention is brought before the public, and commands success. A score of abominable imitations are immediately introduced by the unscrupulous, who, in copying the original closely enough to deceive the public, and yet not so exactly as to infringe upon legal rights, exercise an ingenuity that, employed in an original channel, could not fail to secure reputation and profit."—ADAMS.

CAUTION.—Examine each Bottle, and see the Capsule is marked ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." Without it you have been imposed on by Worthless Imitations.

*Sold by all Chemists.*

**DIRECTIONS IN SIXTEEN LANGUAGES HOW TO PREVENT DISEASE.**

*Protection in every Country.*

PREPARED ONLY AT ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" WORKS, LONDON, S.E., BY J. C. ENO'S PATENT.

## DISORDERED STOMACH AND BILIOUS ATTACKS.

use in preference to any other medicine, more particularly in bilious attacks; their action is so gentle, and they are so agreeable, that they may be used in all cases, and at all hours of the day. Use one or two of these pills, three or four times a day, after meals, and after each attack. You may also use them in conjunction with a small glass of Eno's 'Fruit Salt.'—Yours gratefully,

**West Indies.**—To Mr. J. C. ENO, London is written of them.—St. Kitts, West Indies, Oct. 11, 1887.”

**THE SAME CORRESPONDENT**, in ordering a further supply of the "**VEGETABLE MOTO**" in July, 1888, writes as follows:—"I cannot help telling you that the 'Moto' is a valuable addition to your 'Fruit Salt,' and ought to be as generally known as the latter."

**ENO'S "VEGETABLE MOTO,"** of all Chemists, price 1s. 1½d.; post-free, 1s. 3d.

ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" WORKS, POMEROY-STREET, NEW CROSS-ROAD, LONDON, S.E.



## THE PLAYHOUSES.

Brown-faced and clear-eyed from health-giving roamings by seaside and loch, on moorland and mountain-side, the advance-guard of tourists are returning to town to laugh at "Betsy," to gather patriotic inspiration from "The Union Jack," and a pleasing fragrance from "Sweet Lavender," to admire mellow-voiced Miss Wadman as Lecocq's "Pepita," to be moved to wonderment by Mr. Mansfield's clever transformation from Dr. Jekyll to Mr. Hyde, and to judge anew of Mr. H. Beerbohm-Tree's abilities in the new Haymarket play of "Captain Swift."

London has another attractive novelty: Mr W. S. Penley as Zedekiah Aspen, quaintest of his gallery of infinitely grotesque and amusing creations. The time is surely almost ripe for this irresistibly comic actor to rule over a Temple of Comedy of his own. Mr. Penley is unquestionably the most artistic and original of our comedians. He appears as the naïf and green curate, the Reverend Robert Spalding, in "The Private Secretary"; and the fortune of that laughter-lifting comedy from the German is made. In other parts under the appreciative management of Mr. C. H. Hawtreys. Mr. Penley has been consistently diverting. No matter how slight the character, he imparts a distinctiveness to it that might well inspire a few contemporary leading comedians who are always themselves in whatever garb they appear with a little artistic sense of the need of individualising their impersonations. Thus, it would be hard to identify Mr. Penley's dapper City man in "Crutch and Toothpick" with the clerical greenhorn in "The Private Secretary"; and it would be as difficult to recognise in the impersonator of the Reverend Robert Spalding the talented comedian who made us all laugh again as the sporting young man about town, with his catch-phrase of "What wit! what repartee!" as applied to the Gutta-Percha Girl in "The Arabian Nights."

Mr. Penley is, if anything, more entertaining than ever as the peculiar little fop, Zedekiah Aspen, who half covers his white hair with the most comical little wig in the world when he goes courting in the new farcical play of "Uncles and Aunts," by Mr. W. Lestocq and Mr. Walter Everard, at the Comedy Theatre. This so-called comedy is in itself of small merit. Its feeble plot is little better than that of an impromptu drawing-room charade, or game of dumb-crambo. Indeed, "Uncles and Aunts" is solely worth seeing on account of Mr. Penley's very droll lovemaking. The two pairs of young lovers entrusted to Mr. Walter Everard and Mr. W. Draycott, Miss Cissy Grahame and Miss Vane Featherston, are but shadowy personages. There is more backbone in the breezy Uncle Rawlins of that excellent actor, Mr. Charles Groves, and in the peppery Uncle Henry of Mr. W. Lestocq. But all the interest centres in Zedekiah Aspen. There is a roar at his first appearance as suitor for the hand of that designing young lady, Miss Mary Marley; and mirth increases when he transfers his affections to an old flame, the Miss Rawlins whom he has ever cherished in his memory as "Aurora Borealis." In his aforesaid comical little wig, and in an old-fashioned light silk waistcoat and suit to match, Mr. Penley as Zedekiah Aspen presents a figure a mere glance at which elicits shouts of laughter, and causes fun-loving people among the audience to fairly roll in their seats with uncontrollable mirth. In quaint comicality, in fine, Mr. Penley is unsurpassed. See him! A word of praise should be added for Mr. W. F. Hawtreys's drily humorous portrayal of the butler, Bates.

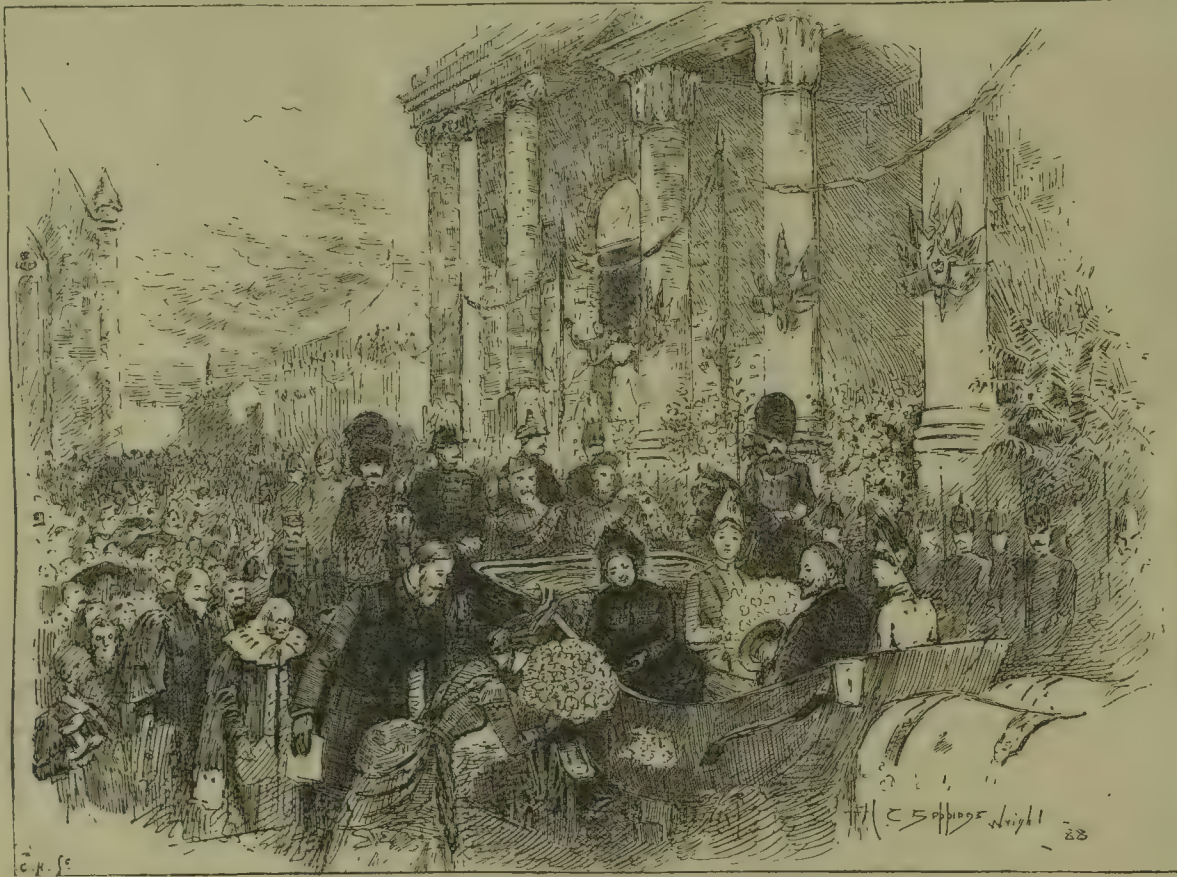
Pending the production of the new comic opera of "Nadje," the Avenue Theatre has been opened for a brief season of comedy and burlesque by Mr. Henry Bracy, who does not use his admirable tenor voice, however, in either piece. Mr. Arthur Law supplies the comedy. His "Gladys" introduces us to a group of characters thrown together in the first place in Gerald Lockhart's London studio, and next in Colonel Faulkner's Jungle bungalow. This Colonel Faulkner (Mr. Royce Carleton) is a callous adventurer, who seeks to compel his fair young wife to be his confederate at the card-table in order that Gerald Lockhart, her former lover, may be fleeced. But Gladys Faulkner, who bitterly regrets her marriage, declines to act as his decoy-bird. The Colonel's cheating at cards is exposed by a callow Lieutenant; and in the end he is proved to have contracted an early marriage, Gladys thus being left free to pair off with Gerald Lockhart, who is represented well by Mr. Lewis Waller. As Gladys, Miss Florence

West, one of the best of our school of rising young actresses, performed with accustomed grace and force; and the acting of Mr. Richard Purdon as the martinet General Peplow, Mr. Royce Carleton as Faulkner, Mr. Mark King-horne as the rascally Dredge, and Mr. Ernest Paterson as Dubois was commendable. But the dessert of the Avenue menu is the favourite dish. The old Royalty extravaganza of "Don Juan, Junior," by Mr. Robert Reece and Mr. Edward Righton, refurbished with new puns and hits at current topics, including the discussion on "Is Marriage a Failure?" is revived with a bountiful liberality as regards the number of comely choristers. The sparkling Don Juan of tuneful Miss Emily Spiller, the seductive Haidee of Miss Addie Conyers, the grotesque Lambro of Mr. Kinghorne, the terrible Sultan Alnaschar of Mr. Richard Purdon, the light-footed Ethiopian minstrel of Mr. Edward W. Colman, the unctuously droll Benzoline of Miss Sallie Turner, the alluring Gulbeyaz of Miss Ada Bemister, the vivacious Zoe of nimble Miss Kate Everleigh, and, above all, the remarkably

## THE BRITISH ARCHÆOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

The British Archæological Association, of which the Marquis of Bute is this year the president, began its sittings in Glasgow on Aug. 27. Although this is the forty-fifth annual congress, it is the first occasion on which the association has crossed the border. Sir James King, Lord Provost, welcomed the members to the city, and Sheriff Berry and Mr. John Honeyman, chairman of the reception committee and president of the Glasgow Archæological Society, all gave them greeting. The members visited the ancient Celtic camp at Langside, near Glasgow, and were present when a memorial, recently erected on the site of the battle of Langside, was handed over to the patrons of Hutchison's Hospital. They afterwards visited the cathedral, whose architectural features were described by Mr. John Honeyman. In the evening the members dined together in the Grand Hotel. The Marquis of Bute, delivering on the 28th the inaugural

address, said it was the time of Wallace and Bruce that developed the Scotland of the present, and gave birth to its institutions, such as its burghs, Parliamentary representation, jurisprudence, and the universities, which were subjects of special attachment and pride. The history of Scotland had three great periods—early, mediæval, and modern. The first one ended with the death of Macbeth in 1057, the second ended with the defeat of Queen Mary at Langside, and the modern period was of no special interest.



THE QUEEN RECEIVING A BOUQUET FROM MRS. STEWART CLARK, AT BLYTHSWOOD.

humorous dancing and singing of Mr. Edward Righton as Pedrillo, with his clever mimicry of Mr. Mansfield as "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," rendered the performance of "Don Juan, Junior," manifestly acceptable to those present.

With respect to metropolitan outdoor entertainments, nothing is better in its way than the exciting military spectacle represented twice a day by real cavalry and infantry at the Irish Exhibition. The attack on the castle within the hippodramatic inclosure by a British force, which bombards the Indian rebels' stronghold, carries it by assault, and drives the mutineers out at the point of the bayonet, forms a most impressive spectacle, and is aptly crowned with a brilliant march-past, to inspiring martial music. This warlike encounter is preceded by a variety of exciting equestrian leaps over a five-barred gate, stone wall, and hedge and ditch; and by a series of well fought-out military contests, such as sword against bayonet, mounted and on foot, tilting at the ring and the "Turk's head." The whole, in a word, forms a unique entertainment such as should draw many thousands to the Irish Exhibition.

The Anglo-Danish Exhibition gold medal for grates has been awarded to Mr. James B. Petter, of Yeovil, for his Nautilus Grate and Mail-clad Stove.

The twenty-first horse and sheep show, held in connection with the Royal Dublin Society, commenced on Aug. 28 at the society's show-yard at Balls-bridge. The Lord Lieutenant visited the show-yard in the forenoon.

The annual pastoral address of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference, signed by the Rev. Joseph Bush as president, will shortly be circulated. It speaks hopefully of the prospects of Methodism; points out that the net gain of 3500 members recently reported indicates imperfectly what multiplied agencies have accomplished during the past year, and gives the number of new members received as nearly 48,000.

holiday. Plenty of good, substantial food was, however, provided for the children, and this helped to minimise the depressing effect of the weather. Sweets and toys were distributed, and the teachers, of whom there were about 150 present, were untiring in their efforts to entertain their little charges.

The Revenue and Agricultural Department of the Government of India have issued the following report on the prospects of the cotton crop in the Central Provinces:—"Owing to delay in commencement of monsoon, sowings have been made in some places later than usual, and have in parts of Nimar only just been completed. But in Nagpur and Wardha they were effected much earlier. There is no reason to believe that the area under cotton is less than the normal. The plants are doing well, and reports are favourable from all districts. A break in the rains is needed in Nagpur and Wardha, where the crop is ready for weeding, and if this takes place there is no reason so far why the outturn should not be an excellent one."

Sir James King, of Campsie, Stirlingshire, Lord Provost of Glasgow, on whom her Majesty has conferred the honour of a baronetcy, in commemoration of her visit to Glasgow, is the eldest son of the late Mr. James King, of Campsie, by marriage with Christina, daughter of Mr. James Macnie, of Stirling, and was born in 1830. He was educated at the University of Glasgow; he is a Magistrate for Lanarkshire, and also a Magistrate and Deputy-Lieutenant for Stirlingshire. He was elected Lord Provost of Glasgow first in 1886. Sir James King married in 1861 Marian, daughter of Mr. William Westall, of Streatham-common, Surrey, by whom he has a son, John Westall, born in 1863. Her Majesty also knighted Mr. McOnie, the ex-Lord Provost, and Dr. Marwick, the Town Clerk of Glasgow. Sir William McOnie was Lord Provost of the city from 1883 to 1886. Sir James David Marwick, LL.D., is a native of Leith. He was appointed Town Clerk of Edinburgh in 1860, and has occupied a similar position in Glasgow since 1873.

"BY a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately-flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that

# EPPS'S (GRATEFUL, COMFORTING) COCOA

a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—Civil Service Gazette.





**ST. JACOBS OIL**  
FOR  
**VETERINARY PURPOSES**  
IN YELLOW WRAPPERS

Owing to the great popularity attained by the use of St. Jacobs Oil in other countries specially prepared for veterinary purposes, the proprietors, The Charles A. Vogeler Company, of 45, Farringdon-road, London, have determined to introduce this famous remedy in Great Britain for that purpose. The Oil for veterinary purposes is placed in yellow wrappers and is quite a different thing from the Oil in white wrappers. The former contains ingredients particularly adapted for use on animals, and is far superior to all other liniments and embrocations for veterinary purposes. The public are particularly cautioned to use the Oil in yellow wrappers only for veterinary purposes. The price of the Oil is within the reach of all, viz., two shillings and sixpence per bottle, of all dealers in veterinary medicines, or free by parcels post from the proprietors. We should most certainly say, from the enormous popularity which the Oil has attained, not only in this country but in every part of the civilised world, that no stable or kennel will be complete without St. Jacobs Oil in yellow wrappers.

It is now used extensively and with wonderful success by the leading Job-Masters, Omnibus and Cab Companies of London and provincial cities, in all cases where an outward application is indicated.

The West-End Omnibus Company, of Auckland, New Zealand, of which Mr. S. Child is manager, writes to the "Daily Herald" of that city:—"We have much pleasure in bearing testimony to the efficacy of St. Jacobs Oil in yellow wrappers for veterinary purposes. Its success has been particularly marked in cases of lameness in our stables. For man and beast, St. Jacobs Oil is the greatest pain-cure ever discovered. It seems to possess properties peculiarly adapted for use on horses, and is undoubtedly the most useful and popular liniment in the world."

The Trotting Editor of the "Spirit

of the Times," New York, after an exhaustive interview with leading horsemen, stablemen, sportsmen, drivers, and breeders of horses, states, editorially, that "St. Jacobs Oil in yellow wrappers will do all that is claimed for it in the cure of sprains, stiffness, lameness, and suffering on man and beast."

The popular veterinary surgeon of New-York, Dr. William A. Soula, D.V.S., for nine years in charge of the Third Avenue Tricar stables, certifies to the curative qualities of St. Jacobs Oil, as superior to all other remedies for ailments of horses, such as sprains, galls, and rheumatism; that in many cases horses which have been condemned as useless, on account of injuries received, have been permanently cured by treating such injuries with St. Jacobs Oil in yellow wrappers without the aid of any other treatment.

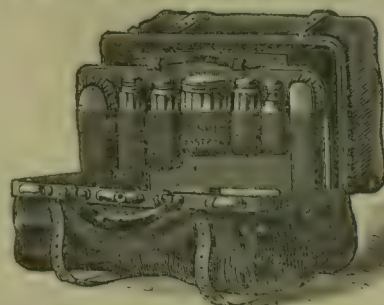
Perhaps there is no preparation in the world which enjoys the same degree of success and popularity as St. Jacobs Oil. Its sale far exceeds that of any other Proprietary Medicine, and exceeds by ten times that of all other liniments and embrocations combined. This wonderful success rests on the solid foundation of merit which St. Jacobs Oil possesses, combined with original, dignified, and systematic advertising, which has always characterised the announcements of the Proprietors. The name "St. Jacobs Oil" has become a household word in every civilised country in the world. The great success and popularity of the Oil have become the subject of comment by almost the entire Press of the country. In many instances the leading articles of large and influential papers have been devoted to the details of what seemed to be almost magical cures effected by the use of St. Jacobs Oil in local cases, coming under the immediate attention of the publishers. St. Jacobs Oil is endorsed by statesmen, judges, the clergy, the medical profession, and people in every walk of life.

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**COCOATINA.**  
Anti-Dyspeptic Cocoa or Chocolate Powder.  
GUARANTEED PURE SOLUBLE COCOA.  
Sold in 4 lb., 1 lb., and 1 lb. Tins.  
BY CHEMISTS, GROCERS, &c.

**ADAMS'S**  
**FURNITURE**  
**POLISH.**

**THE OLDEST AND**  
**BEST.**  
"THE QUEEN"  
Feels no hesitation in recommending its use.—  
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Sold by Grocers, Ironmongers, Cabinetmakers,  
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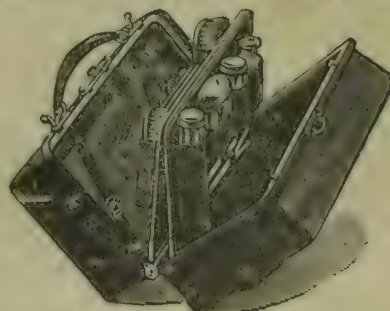
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These Watches sent free, at our risk, to all parts of the world, on receipt of draft, cash, or P.O.O., payable at G.P.O.

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And at 23, ROYAL EXCHANGE, E.C.; and 23, OLD BOND-STREET, W.

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GOLD MEDAL, INVENTIONS, 1883.

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Best London Make, for Rough Wear, with Brügnet spring to prevent variation when worn on horseback, &c. Specially adapted for HUNTING MEN, COLONISTS, TRAVELLERS, and SOLDIERS. HUNDREDS of TESTIMONIALS from all parts of the world. In Hunting, Half-Hunting, or Crystal Glass, 18-ct. Gold Cases, £25; or Silver, £15.  
The Hunting Editor of the "Field" says:—"I can confidently recommend Messrs. Benson's Hunting Watch as one that can be depended on."—Field, March 22, 1884.



## SMALL CARES.

There are few men who do not long in their best moments—moments that come too rarely—to escape from what Wordsworth calls “the fever of the world.” Life is full of fretful anxieties, of little cares that irritate and weaken the mind. A great trial braces the spirit to endure, if not to conquer. Through pain and sorrow we gain fortitude and patience; but the daily worries of life seldom add to the dignity of human nature. Often we cannot get rid of them; they stick to us like burrs; and, like the rats that attacked Bishop Hatto, conquer by numbers. Dress is often the cause of small cares, and fashion is a fruitful source of irritation. When a man's boots, instead of fitting like a glove, remind him of one of the instruments used in a mediæval torture-chamber, the pain felt cannot be said to inspire fortitude. A taste for pretty things also has its drawbacks. Our delicate Venetian glasses are easily destroyed by fellow-mortals, whether cats or servants; the sun fades curtains; the moth finds its way into furs; the books of which we are proud are injured by damp or, more frequently, by careless borrowers; and when a “precious” tea-pot or bowl is broken, it is not every woman who is “mistress of herself though china fall.” If an author's manuscript is lost in the post, or if a poem, which he trusts may rank him with the immortals, is criticised in the literary journals as weak in meaning and halting in metre, I do not think that cares of this kind are likely to sweeten his temper, or to make a better man of him. If after buying a house which, in the fine language of auctioneers, is “replete with drainage and every convenience,” he has, instead of these advantages, a large drain upon his purse, it is to be feared that the discipline will be thrown away.

There are days when nothing goes right with us. Even in our own judgment we fail in all that we attempt to do, and everything done by others is wrong. When dressing, we shave with a blunt razor, cut our chin, and lose our temper. At breakfast time, thanks to the cook's carelessness, we lose it again, and can sympathise with Luther's anger when he flung his inkstand at the Devil. Then comes the post, and the first letter we open is, perhaps, from a tenant demanding some extensive repairs, or from a tradesman sending “account rendered” of a bill which we had totally forgotten; the second is a summons to a special jury, one of the great evils that flesh, combined with a modicum of property, is heir to; the third requests, in an unhappy moment, a subscription to a charity; and the fourth regrets to state that we have overdrawn our banking account. While a man ponders over these disagreeable letters, his wife, who sits smiling on the other side of the table, fills his cup to the brim (figuratively speaking) by reminding him of his promise to meet her in Bond-street to choose a bonnet; and “Fred, dear,” she adds, “don't you think, as you are so seldom able to shop with me, I might as well buy a handsome winter cloak at the same time?” I fancy I see “dear Fred” when this request is made, and Mrs. Frederick's look of dismay when her gentle husband “flies out,” as after all these provocations he may be pardoned for doing. It is not good for the digestion to get out of temper, and indigestion does not promote good-humour—as the clerks in the irritated man's office find that day to their cost!

On the young and hopeful and healthy the small anxieties of life sit lightly enough. They are felt one day, to be forgotten the next. When “Youth is on the prow and Pleasure at the helm” the vessel sails gallantly in the sunshine—

Like those trim skiffs unknown of yore  
On winding lakes and rivers wide,  
That ask no aid of sail or oar,  
That fear no spite of wind or tide.

It is when a man wakes up to find that youth is going, or is already gone, that he frequently becomes the victim of small cares, which act like a blister. And the misfortune is that, unlike that painful remedy, they leave no good effects behind them. One of the advantages of money is that it relieves us from a good many of these cares. Too much of that commodity, indeed, generally brings great cares in its train; but how serenely comfortable ought that man to be who has enough! Of course each of us has a different idea of what constitutes enough. Discontent comes from desiring too much. I am content, therefore, to follow a poet's leading, and, with Dr. Wendell Holmes—

I only ask unto this end  
A little more than I can spend.

The bad health that does not incapacitate a man for work, but only makes work wearisome, is a fruitful breeder of small cares. When a man's back is weak the slightest burden seems heavy. He hates activity, and shrinks from being asked to take his part in the home and in the parish. The healthy man does the thing that ought to be done without hesitation; the man less happily constituted frets himself with thinking about it until the time for action is past.

One of the best ways of escaping from small cares is a mountain ramble or a sea voyage. No doubt travelling brings its worries, but they are of a kind to which we are unaccustomed, and novelty has its charms. There may be discomforts at sea—some people object to sea-sickness—and on land the traveller disposed to grumble may find a cause; but he does not stay with his troubles, as he was forced to do at home, and should black Care overtake him in the Orkneys, he can try the Hebrides or Iceland. If the tourist would avoid the risk of being care-burdened, he must leave no address behind him. This may have its inconveniences. During a month's absence from home, accidents may happen: his house may be burnt down, his wife injured in a railway accident, or his favourite dog die in a fit. Well, after all, these are mere possibilities, that really need not be taken into account. The man who wishes to escape from small cares must not anticipate great ones. What he has to do is to smoothe the creases of life, not to prepare for its adversities.

A good many of our small cares arise from self-consciousness. We trouble too much about what people think of us, and, like Malvolio, “taste with a distempered appetite.” We think we are not sufficiently appreciated, and wonder why our claims are unrecognised. Perhaps our high sense of those claims is the reason. It is the man who is humble enough to take a lowly seat who is called to the upper table. Sensitive persons are apt to brood over cares which they manufacture as a miser broods over his gold; they lack the generous and free disposition “that takes those things for bird-bolts that they deem cannon-bullets”; they meet their troubles half-way, and even find a sort of pleasure in counting up their vexations. Doctors will tell you of patients who are proud to have diseases which are sufficiently uncommon to excite medical interest, and I believe some care-troubled people cherish a similar feeling. It gives them a sort of elevation such as that which St. Simeon Stylites enjoyed. There is surely a distinction in being more worried than one's neighbours!

The best remedy for small cares, whether real or imaginary, is to have a great purpose in life. Men who, like Nelson and Wellington, forget themselves for their country's sake, or who, like Livingstone and Gordon, work as ever in the great Taskmaster's eye, are not likely to lessen their strength by fretting over small troubles.

## WATERLOO BALL: THE ROOM IDENTIFIED.

Sir William Fraser writes to the *Times* to say that he has identified the site of the ball given at Brussels by the Duchess of Richmond the night before the battle of Quatre Bras. Sir William says:—“Some time before leaving England I conversed with a lady who danced with my father at the ball, and who has, as you will see from her name, which I enclose, the best means of knowing where it took place. This lady, giving me at the same time a list of those who were invited, told me that Lord Byron's allusion to ‘that high hall’ was ‘nonsense.’ She added that the ball took place, not in the Duke of Richmond's house, but in a coachmaker's dépôt, a low-roofed room at the rear of it, the street being named Rue de la Blanchisserie. I made many inquiries in England and in Brussels; no one knew anything of the place, but all agreed that the scene of the ball had been frequently sought without success, and that it no longer existed. I at last ascertained that the site of the Duke of Richmond's house was now covered by a large hospital in the Rue des Cendres. I visited the hospital, and one of the nursing sisters politely pointed out a wing which had formed part of the Duke's house. I examined the garden behind this wing: neither in this nor in the building itself was there any trace of a ball-room. I observed above the wall of the hospital the roof of a high building, and inquired what it was. The sister replied that it was the brewery of the Rue de la Blanchisserie. I walked round to this street, and was informed by the proprietor of the brewery that he knew nothing on the subject. After some conversation I asked if he could tell me of whom his father purchased the property; he replied of a coachbuilder named Van Asch. I inquired if the coachbuilder had a dépôt. ‘Yes, a very large one; it is now my granary.’ He then took me up to the first floor, and I found myself in the room, the remembrance of which will live so long as the English language. It is 120 ft. long, 54 ft. broad, and about 13 ft. high, the floor smooth enough to be danced on to-night. This room answers precisely to the description given to me. It is immediately in the rear of the Duke of Richmond's house, it is in the street named, it belonged in 1815 to a coachbuilder, and it is capable of holding at least 400 persons. I do not think further proof can be required. I have the permission of the proprietor to give his name, V. Vanginderachter, brasseur, Rue de la Blanchisserie, 40 et 42. He most courteously added that he would be glad to show the room to visitors.”

Professor Merivale has been elected general secretary for the meeting of the British Association, to be held in Newcastle in 1889.

At a meeting of the delegates of the Hospital Saturday Fund, held on Aug. 25, at the central office, Mitre-court, Fleet-street, the secretary reported that all the money contributed on the occasion of the last Hospital Saturday had been paid in; and the result was a total of £5000, being £500 more than in 1887.

The preachers in Westminster Abbey for September are as follow:—Sunday, 2nd, at ten a.m., in choir, the Rev. J. H. Cheadle, Minor Canon; at three p.m., in choir, Canon Duckworth. Sunday, 9th, at ten a.m., in choir, Canon Saumarez Smith, Principal of St. Aidan's; at three p.m., in choir, Canon Duckworth. Sunday, 16th, at ten a.m., in choir, the Rev. B. K. W. Pearse, Rector of Ascot; at three p.m., in choir, Canon Duckworth. Sunday, 23rd, at ten a.m., in choir, the Rev. E. C. Hawkins, Vicar of St. Bride's, Fleet-street; at three p.m., in choir, Canon Duckworth. Sunday, 30th, at ten a.m., in choir, Bishop of North Dakota; at three p.m., in choir, Canon Duckworth.

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## OBITUARY.

## LORD ALFRED PAGET.

General Lord Alfred Henry Paget, Equerry and Clerk-Marshal of the Royal Household, whose death is just announced, was born June 21, 1816, the second son of Field-Marshal Henry William, Marquis of Anglesey, K.G., by Charlotte, his second wife, daughter of Charles, first Earl Cadogan. He was educated at Westminster, and entered the Royal Horse Guards in 1832. In 1881 he attained the rank of General. In 1846 he was appointed Chief Equerry and Clerk-Marshal; and from 1837 to 1865 sat in Parliament for Lichfield. He married, in 1847, Cecilia, daughter of Mr. George Thomas Wyndham, of Cromer Hall, Norfolk, and leaves issue.

## LORD CONYERS.

The Right Hon. Sackville George Lane Fox, Baron Conyers of Conyers in the Peerage of England, died at St. Clare, Walmer, on Aug. 24. He was born Sept. 14, 1827, the eldest son of Mr. Sackville Walter Lane Fox, M.P., by Lady Charlotte Mary Anne, Georgiana Osborne, his wife, daughter of George William Frederick, sixth Duke of Leeds and Baron Conyers; and he succeeded his maternal uncle, the seventh Duke of Leeds, as twelfth Lord Conyers, May 4, 1859. He entered the Army in 1854, and served at the siege of Sebastopol (medal and clasp). He married, Aug. 14, 1860, Mary, eldest daughter of Mr. Reginald Curteis, of Windmill-hill, Sussex, and had one son, who died at the age of eighteen, and two daughters, Marcia Amelia Mary, Countess of Yarborough, and Violet Ada Evelynne, between whom the barony of Conyers now falls into abeyance. It is one of the old baronies by writ, heritable by heirs male or female.

## SIR JOHN ROSE, BART.

The Right Hon. Sir John Rose, Bart., of Montreal, G.C.M.G., Receiver-General of the Duchy of Cornwall, died suddenly, deer-stalking, at Langwell, in Caithness-shire. He was one of the most distinguished men who won their way in the Colonies. He was born Aug. 2, 1820; called to the Bar, in Canada, in 1842; became Q.C. in 1851; Solicitor-General in 1859; Minister of Public Works in 1860; and Minister of Finance in 1867. In acknowledgment of his public services he was created a Baronet Sept. 9, 1872, made G.C.M.G. in 1878, and sworn of the Privy Council in 1886. Sir John married, first, July 3, 1843, Charlotte, daughter of Robert Emmett Temple, Esq., of Rutland, United States; and secondly, Jan. 24, 1887, Julia, Marchioness of Tweeddale. By the former (who died Dec. 3, 1883) he leaves three sons and two daughters. The eldest son is now Sir William Rose Rose, second Baronet, of Montreal.

## THE HON. JAMES SQUIRE FARNELL.

The Hon. James Squire Farnell, formerly Premier for New South Wales, whose death is announced from Sydney, was born in 1827, and educated at his native town, Paramatta. In 1860 he sat in Parliament. In 1872 he was appointed Minister of Lands, which office he held until 1875, and in December, 1877, became Premier; but resigned the following December in consequence of the rejection of his Land Bill. At the last election to the Legislative Assembly of New South Wales he was returned for St. Leonards.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Captain the Hon. Arthur Manners, 15th Hussars, brother and heir presumptive to Lord Manners, at his mother's

residence, in Cadogan-square, on Aug. 24, at the age of thirty-four years.

Captain Thomas C. Pullen, at the age of seventy-three years. In recognition of his services with the Arctic Expedition of 1852-3-4 he was specially promoted.

Mr. Philip Henry Gosse, F.R.S., the distinguished zoologist, on Aug. 23, at his residence, St. Mary Church, Torquay, aged seventy-eight.

Lady Henrietta Ogilvy, at Contrexeville, on Aug. 20, was the younger daughter of Thomas William, fourth Earl of Pomfret, a sister of George William, fifth Earl, on whose death, in June, 1867, the title became extinct. She married, Aug. 7, 1856, Colonel Thomas Wedderburn Ogilvy, of Ruthven, Forfarshire.

Anne Pitcairn, Lady Gordon Cumming, of Altyre, in the county of Elgin, on Aug. 19, at Gordonstoun, in her sixty-eighth year. She was daughter of the late Rev. Augustus Campbell, Rector of Liverpool; and was married, Nov. 28, 1845, to Sir Alexander Penrose Gordon Cumming, Bart., who died Sept. 2, 1866. Her Ladyship's eldest son is the present Sir William Gordon Gordon Cumming, Bart.

The Right Rev. Samuel Smith Harris, Bishop of Michigan, at the Langham Hotel, on Aug. 21, aged forty-seven. He had come to England in connection with the Pan-Anglican Conference at Lambeth, and was intending to make a tour of the Holy Land before his return to the United States. He graduated at the Alabama University at the age of eighteen, and, after practising for several years at the American Bar, relinquished his profession and took Orders. He was chosen Bishop at Detroit in 1879.

Margaret Anne, Lady Audley, widow of George Edward Thicknesse Touchet, Baron Audley, of Heleigh Castle, county Stafford, on Aug. 21, at her residence in Gloucester-square. She was Lord Audley's second wife, whom she married in February, 1863, and was widow of Mr. James William Smith. On Lord Audley's death, in April, 1872, the ancient barony fell into abeyance between his two daughters by his first marriage. The Hon. Jane Elizabeth Thicknesse Touchet, eldest and last-surviving daughter of George John, Lord Audley, and sister of the last Lord, died on Aug. 20, aged seventy.

## VOLUNTEER ENTRENCHING PRACTICE.

The spade is scarcely less needful than the rifle, as an instrument for infantry troops in modern warfare. The Volunteer entrenching camp near Woking, held during a week or two of August, should be the beginning of similar useful exercises for all Volunteer rifle corps in Great Britain. Its site was at a place called "New Zealand," two miles from the Woking railway-station, in the fir-woods towards Byfleet, near the old Basingstoke Canal. The commandant was Captain Gore Browne, of the 60th Rifles, Adjutant to the Artists' Corps (20th Middlesex Battalion of Volunteers), sixty or seventy of whom came over from Aldershot. Others came from London, who were equally zealous. Lieutenant Carpenter and Lieutenant Woollen were in command under him. The object was instruction in the work of constructing field-works, shelter-pits and trenches, field-kitchens, and other earthworks. Striking camp and re-pitching it were performed with military precision; then they set to work. The rifle-pits were dug twelve or fifteen paces apart. Each was long enough and wide enough for a man to lie down in it. The pit is dug only to a depth of six or eight inches, but the earth taken out is piled up in front to the height of about

2 ft., with a small embrasure in the centre to fire through. Such a rifle-pit is made with pickaxe and spade in a few minutes. They also made permanent rifle-pits, deep enough for a man to stand upright under cover, and with a little seat, made of earth, for him to rest upon. Shelters for officers' horses, with cover above 6 ft. high, could be made by three



THE VOLUNTEER ENTRENCHING CAMP AT WOKING: A COMPANY OF THE ARTISTS' CORPS THROWING UP A SHELTER-TRENCH.

men in two hours. It is proved that a rifle-bullet, fired at 200 yards' range, will penetrate a newly-made earthwork only to the depth of twelve inches. For the shelter-trench, a line is marked out by a long rope, and the men begin digging along it, throwing up the earth in front; the trench is dug 18 in. deep, and the earth forms a rampart 3 ft. or 4 ft. high, which is beaten with spades to make it firm and give it a regular shape, and the troops fire over the top of it. The earth is also banked up at the corners of the trench, to protect the troops from being enfiladed by an enemy's flanking fire. All this can be done in about half an hour. The trench shown in our Artist's Sketch is about fifty yards long; its construction would be the task of one company, some of the men being employed on guard while the others worked. In the construction of field-kitchens, the experience of several members of the corps, who are architects, seemed to be of service. A field-kitchen is a sort of covered trench, perhaps a foot wide, serving as a rude oven, with flues to heat it, in which bread and rations of meat can be baked. The operation of erecting the shelter-trench, more especially, was witnessed with great interest by a crowd of spectators. The troops, having arrived on the ground, were formed into covering and working parties. The former had to reply to the fire of the enemy, while the latter grounded their arms and used their entrenching tools. On the instant after completing their work, they took up their arms, manned the trench, and opened fire on the enemy, who was represented by a small detached party. Successive rushes were made to assault the earthwork, which was finally captured. The Volunteers in this camp of instruction also daily practised the duties of guards and sentries, and all that is expected of soldiers on active service.

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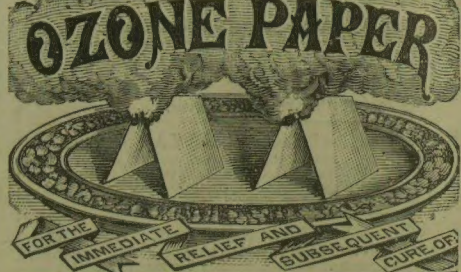
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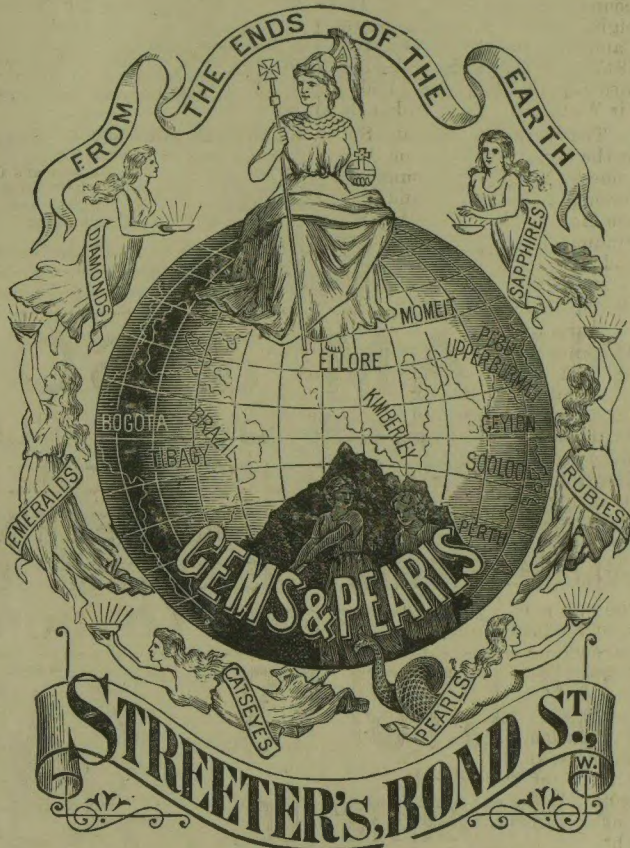


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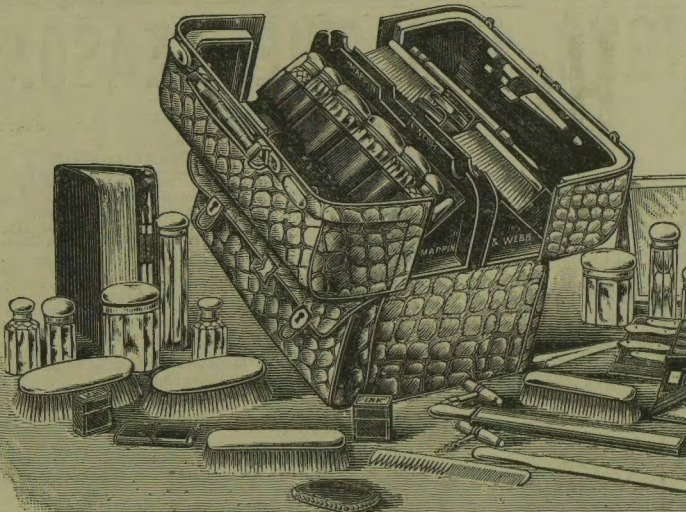
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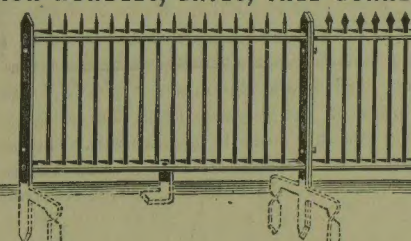
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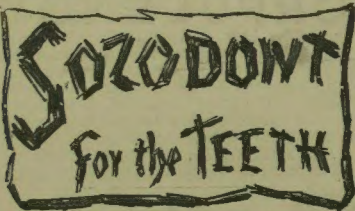
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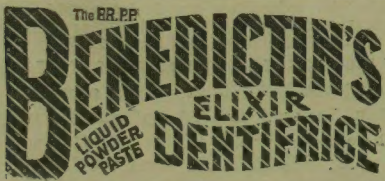


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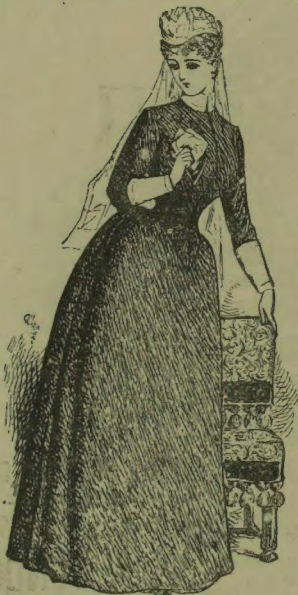
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